

PARAMOUNT SONG BOOK



Animals went into the Ark.
A-Hunting we will go.
Are you sleeping?
Auld Robin Gray.
Ash Grove.
Anchor's weighed.
Auld Lang Syne.
Arise Britons, arise.
Bonnie wee window.
Buy a broom.
Come into the garden, Maud.
Come lassies and lads.
Caller Herrin'.
Death of Nelson.
Drink to me only with thine eyes.
Down among the dead men.
Down in the cane brake.
Eileen O'Grady.
For he's a jolly good fellow.
Guid New Year.
Gipsy's warning.
God Save the Queen.
God be with you till we meet again.
Hard times, come again no more.
Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen.
Here's a health unto His Majesty.
Hundred Pipers.
I am a Friar of orders grey.
In sheltered vale.
I cannot sing the old songs.
I'm going to leave old Dixie.
I'm going back to Dixie.
Irish Emigrant.
Jessie's dream.
Jingle bells.
Keel row.
Kingdom coming.
Landlord, fill the flowing bowl.
Laird o' Cockpen.
Lass of Richmond Hill.

Marguerite.
Mush mush.
Michael Roy.
My love is like a red, red rose.
My pretty Jane.
Nancy Till.
Noah's Ark.
Nameless Lassie.
Oh, dem golden slippers.
Old King Cole.
O why left I my name?
Polly Wolly Doodle.
Poco's daughter.
Road to the Isles.
Roast Beef of old England.
Rolling home to Bonnie Scotland.
Rose of Glamorgan.
Rule, Britannia.
Scottish blue bells.
Simon the cellarer.
Solomon Levi.
Spanish Cavalier.
So early in the morning.
See the conquering hero comes.
Sons of Bonnie Scotland.
Three fishers went sailing.
Teddy O'Neale.
Toast Song.
Twenty-nine bottles.
Vicar of Bray.
Village blacksmith.
Wait for the waggon.
When the heart is young.
Who's dat calling so sweet?
We'd better bide a wee.
When you and I were young.
What shall we do with a drunken sailor?
Widdicombe Fair.
When the bloom is on the rye.
Ye mariners of England.

Containing
78 COMMUNITY SONGS
Staff and
Solfa Notations
with optional
UKULELE or BANJO
& PIANO ACCORDION
Accompaniment

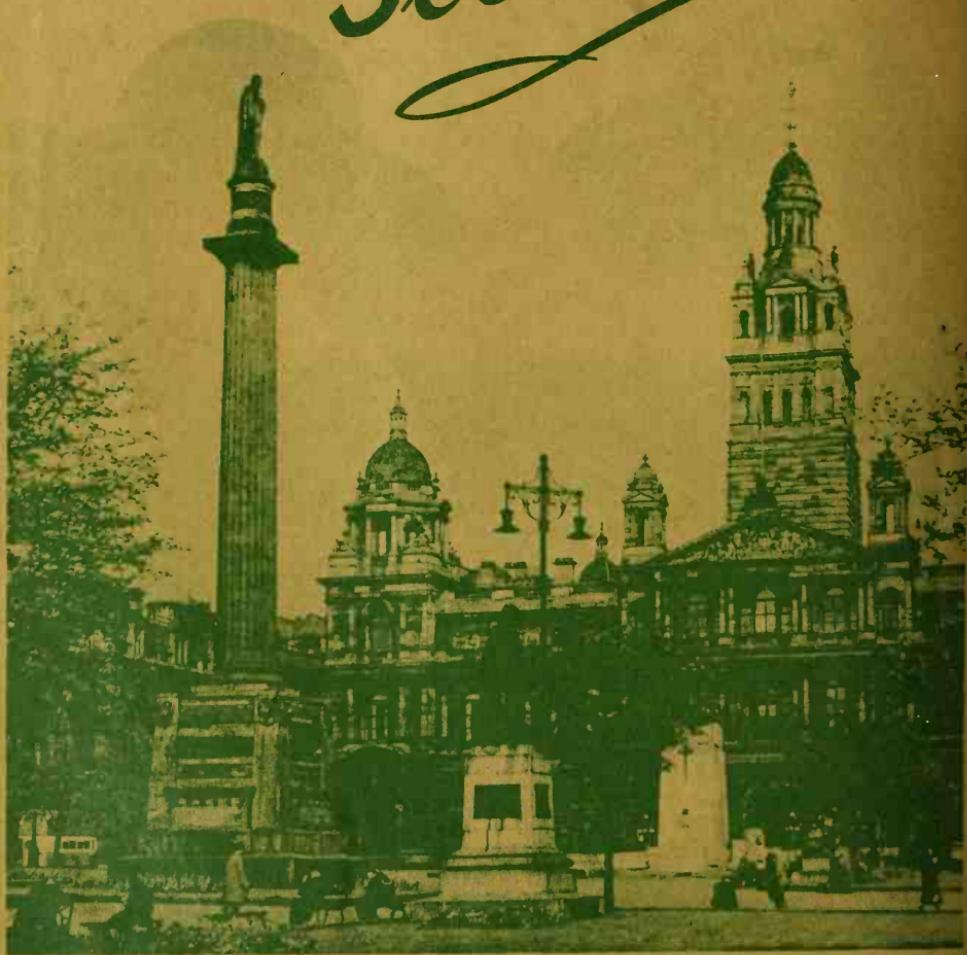
The PIANO SETTINGS
of these Songs are
suitably arranged
to be played as
PIANO or ORGAN
MELODIES
if so desired
(WORDS ONLY... 6p)

Price 30p

MOZART ALLAN
84 CARLTON PLACE
GLASGOW -- C.5.

THE ILLUSTRATED SONG BOOK

*The Glories
of
Scotland*



GEORGE SQUARE—Glasgow.

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40p NET

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Foreword.

BEING aware of the immense popularity of the "International Song Book," by its steadily increasing sales, we feel you will welcome a similar but entirely different collection of songs.

Many beautiful National Songs, which space compelled us to omit in the "International Song Book," have now been included and the two volumes should merit a place in every Music Lover's private library.

The same style of simplicity, and with the melody in the piano part, has been adhered to in this volume, and the Ukulele accompaniment is optional.

We thank you for your reception of the "International Song Book" and our other publications, and we ask you now to recommend this new book to your friends.

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*The Letterings on the Ukulele Accompaniment
are Symbols for Guitar or Banjo Chords*

TUNE UKE.

Key Bb.

My Love is like a red red rose.

Mod to                

Key Bb. { s₁:m₁ | d₁ , , d₁:r₁ .m₁ | d .. , t₁:l₁ .s₁ | l₁ , , s₁:l₁ .d | r : d , r , m | d₁ , , d₁:r₁ .m₁ | d .. , t₁:l₁ .s₁ }

mf Oh my love is like a red, red rose, That's new-ly sprung in June, Oh my love is like a mel-o-dy that's

l₁ , , s₁:l₁ .t₁ | d : .s₁ | d .. m : r .d | l₁, d .. - : s₁ .m₁ | s₁ , , s₁:f .. m | r : .s .. f {

sweet-ly play'd in tune. As fair thou art, my bonnie love, So deep in love am I; And

m .. s : m .d | l₁ , , d : s₁ .m₁ | s₁ , , s₁:l₁ .t₁ | d : .s .. m | d₁ , , d₁:r₁ .m₁ | d .. , t₁:l₁ .s₁ }

I will love thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry, Till a' the seas gang dry, my love, Till

l₁ , , s₁:l₁ .d | r : d , r , m | d₁ , , d₁:r₁ .m₁ | d .. , t₁:l₁ .s₁ | l₁ , , s₁:l₁ .t₁ | d : ||

a' the seas gang dry, And I will love thee still, my dear, Till all the seas gang dry.

2. Till a' the seas gang dry my dear
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun,
 And I will love thee still my dear,
 While the sands of Life shall run,
 But fare thee well, my only love,
 O fare thee well a while!
 And I will come again, my love,
 Tho'twere ten thousand mile,
 Tho'twere ten thousand mile my love,
 Tho'twere ten thousand mile!
 And I will come again my love,
 Tho'twere ten thousand mile!

For he's a jolly good fellow.

TUNE UKE
Key G.

Moderato

Key G.

f For he's a jolly good fel - low, He's a jolly good fel - low, for he's a jolly good

fel - low which no-bo-dy can de - ny. — Can you, can you, can you — can

you, can you, can you, — for he's a jolly good fel - low, He's a jolly good

fel - low, for He's a jolly good fel - low, which no-bo-dy can de - ny. —

A Hunting we will go.

Allegro con brio.

The dusk-y night rides down the sky And ush-ers in the morn — The hounds all join in
 glo-rious cry, The hounds all join in glo - rious cry, The hunts-man winds his horn — The
 hunts-man winds his horn. — Then a Hunt-ing we will go — Then a Hunt-ing we will
 go — A Hunt-ing, Hunt-ing we will go, A hunt - ing we will go. —

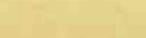
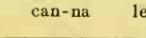
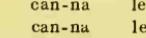
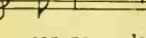
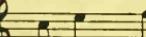
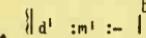
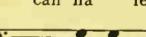
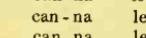
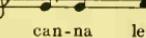
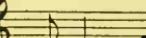
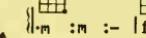
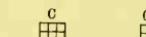
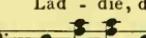
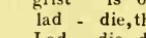
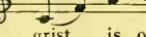
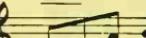
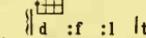
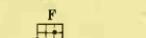
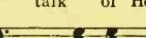
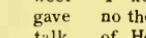
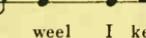
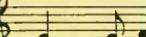
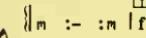
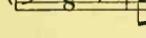
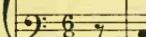
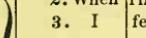
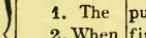
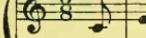
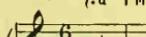
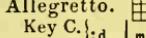
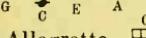
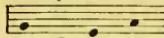
2 The wife around her husband throws
 Her arms, and begs him stay,
 My dear it rains, it hails, it snows,
 My dear it rains, it hails, it snows,
 You will not hunt today,
 You will not hunt today,
 But a hunting we will go, etc.

3 A brushing fox in yonder wood,
 Secure to find, we seek,
 For why, I carried sound and good,
 For why, I carried sound and good,
 A cartload there last week,
 A cartload there last week.
 And a hunting we will go, etc.

4 Away he goes, he flies the rout,
 Their steeds they soundly switch,
 Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
 Some are thrown in, and some thrown out
 And some thrown in the ditch,
 And some thrown in the ditch.
 But a hunting we will go, etc.

5 At length his strength, to faintness worn,
 Poor Reynard, ceases flight,
 Then hungry homeward we return,
 Then hungry homeward we return,
 To feast away the night,
 To feast away the night.
 Then a drinking we will go, etc.

We'd Better Bide a wee.



Who's that Calling.



Allegro.

Key G. (s₁) | d . d : t₁ , d . t₁ , d | l₁ . d : s₁ | d . d : - . r | m . s : - . s |

1. The moon is beaming o'er the spark-ling rill Who's that a - call-ing, *mf* The
 2. No more he'll keep de birds off de corn Who's that a - call-ing, There's
 3. Ah! hark! I hear the distant ang-el throng Who's that a - call-ing, And

mf

flow'r's are sleeping on the plain and hill Who's that call - ing so sweet? *p* While the
 no one left, the poor old Nig to mourn. Who's that call - ing so sweet? De way
 now the strain is com-in' still more strong Who's that call - ing so sweet? There's no

| d . d : t₁ , d . t₁ , d | l₁ . d : s | s . s : - . l | m . s : - . s |

birds are resting till the gold-en dawn Who's that a - call-ing? *mf* That
 was long, and weary was de road Who's that a - call-ing? Now
 more toil and trouble now for me Who's that a - call-ing? For

| l₁ . l : s . s . m . s | f . r : l₁ | d . d : t₁ , d . r , t₁ | d : - . |

like the sing-ing of the one now gone Who's that call - ing so sweet?
 old Jeff's going to lay down the load Who's that call - ing so sweet?
 soul and bod - y will soon be free Who's that call - ing so sweet?

Chorus

| s . s : - . l | s . m : - . | m . m : - . f | m . d : - . | l₁ . l : s . s | f : m | r : - . : |

Who's that a - call-ing Who's that are call-ing Is it one we long to greet?

| s . s : - . l | s . m : - . | d . r : - . m | f . l : - . | s : l . f | m . f : - . r | d : - . : |

Who's that a - call-ing Who's that a - call-ing Who's that a - call-ing so sweet?

| s . s : - . l | s . m : - . | d . r : - . m | f . l : - . | s : l . f | m . f : - . r | d : - . : |

Who's that a - call-ing Who's that a - call-ing Who's that a - call-ing so sweet?

Michael Roy.



Allegretto.

三

5

11

F
11

1. In Brooklyn city there lived a maid And she was known to fame; — Her mother's name was

|| d' :- :d || s :- :s | 1 :- :1 | f :- :1 | s :- : - | :- :s | s :s :s | s :s :s | d' :- : - | s :- :s | 1 :- :1 | f :- :1 |

Ma - ri Ann And her's was Ma - ri Jane: — And ev - e - ry Saturday morn - ing. She used to go o - ver the

And I want to make last where the coldness. And one as you like, miss him up.

Chorus. {s | s :- :- | - :- :m | d' :- :- | - :- :s | 1 :- :1 | d' :- :1 | s :- :- | - :- :f

For oh! _____ for oh! _____ he was my dar - ling boy _____ for

he was the lad with the au - burn hair, And his name was Mi - chael Roy.

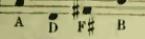
She fell in love with a charcoal man, M^cCloskey was his name,
His fighting weight was seven stones ten And he loved sweet Mari Jane;
He took her to ride in his charcoal cart On a fine St. Patrick's day,

at the door.

3. M^cCloskey shouted and hollered in vain, For the donkey wouldnt stop;
And he threw Mari Jane right over his head, Right into a chandlers shop;
When M^cCloskey saw that terrible sight; His heart it was moved with pity,
So he stabbed the donkey with a bit of charcoal. And started for Salt Lake City.

THE STAB
Chorus

The Scottish Blue Bells.



Moderato.



Key D. | :d :x | m :m :m | m :x :m | d :m :s | 1 :s :d.x | m :m :m | d.t :l.s :f.m | s.f :x :r :x :r :x :s |

1. Let the proud In-dian boast of his Ijes-samine bawrs His pastures of perfume and rose cover'd dells While
 2. Sublime are your hills when the young day is beaming, And green are your groves with their cool crystal wells, And



| m :m :m | m :x :m | d :m :s | 1 :s :s | s :f :e :s | r :s :x :l | t :d :l :1 | s :x :s |

hum-bly I sing of those wild lit-tle flow'r's The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells, Wave
 bright are your broad-swords like morning dew gleaming On blue bells of Scotland, on Scottish blue bells. A-



| s :1 :s :1 :s :1 | s :x :l :f | m :m :s :f :l | s :m :s | s :1 :s :1 :s :1 | s :x :l :f | m :m :s :f :l | s :x :s |

wave your dark plumes ye proud sons of the mountain, For brave is the chieftain your prowess who quells And
 wake ye light fair-ies that trip o'er the heather Ye mermaids a-rise from your cor-al - ine cells Come



| F#7 | Bmi | F#7 | Bmi | F#7 | Bmi | F#7 | Bmi |

| s :e :s :e :s :e | 1 :1 :1 | t :t :t :t | d :d :d :d | x :x :x :x | d :d :d :t | d :d :t :1 | m :1 :s :e | 1 :s :s |

dread-ful your wrath as the forth with your chorus all foam flashing fountain That chanting to - gether The calms its wild waves'mid the blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells. Then



| m :m :m | m :x :m | d :m :s | 1 :s :f | m :m :m | d.t :l.s :f.m | s.f :x :x :r :x :s |

strike the loud harp to the land of the riv-er, The mountain the val-ley with all their wild spells And



| m :m :m | m :x :m | d :m :s | 1 :s :f | f :1 :x :d | d :1 :x :f | s :d :t :1 | d :1 :x :s |

shout in the chorus for ev-er and ev-er The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.



Hard times, come again no more.

TUNE UKE
Key F.

Key F {d . r | m :m . m | m . s :- . m | x . d :d . r | m :1 ..s | s :m | m . d :r ,r |

I. Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears, While we all sup sor-row with the
 p | d :- l - :d . r | m :m . m | m . s :- . m | r . d :d . r | m :1 | s :m | m . d :r ,r | d :- l - |

poor, There's a song that will linger for ev-er in our ears Oh! Hardtimes come again no more.

Chorus. |:m . f | s : . s | s :f . s | 1 :- s : | d' :s | 1 :s | m . m :r ,d | r :d . r |

'Tis the song the sigh of the wea - ry Hardtimes, Hardtimes come again no more Man-y
 | m :m . m | m . s :- . m | r ,d :d . r | m :1 | s :m | m . d :r ,r | d :- l - |

days you have lingered a - round my cabin door, Oh Hard times comes a-gain no more.

D.C.

2. While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay,
 There are frail forms fainting at the door;
 Tho' their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say.
 Oh! Hard times, come again no more.

Chorus.

3. Theres a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away,
 With a worn heart whose better days are o'er;
 Though her voice would be merry,'tis sighing all the day.
 Oh! Hard times, come again no more.

Chorus.

4. 'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave
 'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore,
 'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave.
 Oh! Hard times, come again no more.

Chorus.

Marguerite.

(My Star of Hope.)

Key E♭ { .m | m :- .m | m :m, m | s , f:1 .,f | r : .s | s :- .s | fe .s :f ,r }

1. I dread the day you'll for- get me Marguerite, And still I know it soon will
 2. I wan - der'd down by the lit - tle babbling brook It's ev - 'ry rip - ple speaks of

come, — The fes - tive dance, the rich, the gay, So dif - f'rent from our
 thee, — The ros - es, too, they droop their heads In sym - pathy with

home, Marguerite. I would not chide thee chide thee Mar - guerite, Nor
 me, Marguerite. If this bright world, it were all of mine to give, I'd

mar one joy of thine so sweet, — But oh, I dread that drea - ry day, You'll me for -
 proudly lay it at your feet, — But oh, the thought you'll not be mine, Will break my

get Marguerite, But oh, I dread that drea - ry day You'll me for - get, Marguerite.
 heart Marguerite, But oh, the thought you'll not be mine, Will break my heart, Marguerite.

A Guid New Year.

Allegro.

Key C. :s | d' :m' | d' :-.s | f .m :x .d | s :-.s | l :f | d' :-.m | m :x | :s |

1. A guid new Year to ane an' a' And mo-ny may ye see An'

dur - ing a' the years to come Oh hap - py may ye be. *Fine.*

An' may ye ne'er ha'e cause to mourn, To sigh or shed a tear To

ane an' a' baith great an' sma' A hear-ty Guid new Year. *D.S. al Fine.*

2. Oh time flies fast, he winna wait,
My freen for you or me;
He works his wonders day by day
And onward still doth flee.
Oh wha can tell, when ilk a ane
I see sae happy here,
Will meet again, and merry be,
Another guid new Year.

3. We twa ha' baith been happy lang,
We ran about the braes,
In yon wee cott, beneath the tree,
We've spent our early days.
We ran about the burnie's side
The spot will aye be dear,
And those that used to meet us there
We'll think on mony a year.

4. Now let us hope our years may be
As guid as they hae been,
And trust we ne'er again may see
The sorrows we hae seen,
And let us wish, that ane an' a',
Our freens baith far and near
May aye enjoy in times to come,
A hearty Guid new Year.



The Spanish Cavalier.

Allegretto. 

Key G. { s1 | s1 .m :m ,m | m :-d | 1 :f ,f | f :- | s1 :t1 ,r | 1 :s ,fe | s :- | m :-m |

I. A Spanish Cavalier stood in his re-treat on his Gui-tar played a tune dear, The

music so sweet would of-ten re-pea^t The blessing of my coun-try and you dear.

A mi.



{ s :d ,m | s :-se | 1 :f ,r | 1 :-.la, | s1 .s1 :t1 .r | s .fe | f ,t1 | r :- | d : |

mus -ic so sweet would of-ten re-pea^t The blessing of my coun-try and you dear.

Chorus.



{ s1 :m ,m | m :-d | 1 :f ,f | f :- | s1 :t1 ,r | 1 :s .fe | s :- | m :- }

Say dar-ling say when I'm far a-way Some-times you may think of me, dear,

A mi



{ s :d ,m | s :-se | 1 :f ,r | 1 :-.la, | s1 .s1 :t1 .r | s .fe | f ,t1 | r :- | d : |

Bright sun-ny days will soon fade a-way Re-mem-ber what I say, and be true, dear.

2.

I'm off to the war, to war I must go,
Fighting for country and for you, dear
But if I should fall, in vain I would call,
The blessing of my country and you, dear.

3.

And when the war is o'er, to you I'll return
Back to my country and you, dear
But if I be slain, you'd seek me in vain
Upon the battle-field you will find me.

When you and I were young Maggie. 13

G C E A

Allegretto

Key F. { s : s : m , r | d : r | d : - | l , d : - | l , s : d , d | m : s , s | r : - | - : s }

mf 1. I wan-der'd to-day to the hills Mag-gie, To watch the scene be - low, The
 2. A Ci - ty so si - lent and lone Mag-gie, Where the young and the gay and the best, In
 3. They say I am feeb-le with age Mag-gie, My steps are less sprightly than then, My

F Bb F C7 F

{ s : m , r | d : r | d : - | l , d : - | l , s : d , m | s : r , m | d : - | - : d }

creek and the creak-ing old mill Mag-gie, as we used to long a - go, The
 pol - ish'd white mansions of stone Mag-gie, Have each found a place of rest, Is
 face is a well written page Mag-gie, But time a lone with the pen, They

Bb F F G G7 C7

{ l : 1 : 1 , 1 | f : 1 , 1 | s : - | m . s : - . m | r : s , s | s . f : t . l | s : - | p : s , s }

green grove is gone from the hill Mag-gie, Where first the dai - sies isprung The
 built where the birds used to play Mag-gie, And join in the songs that were sung: For
 say, we are a - ged and gray Mag-gie, As sprays by the white breakers flung; But to

F Bb F C7 F

{ s : m , r | d : r | d : - | l , d : - | l , s : d , m | s : r , m | d : - | - : d }

creak-ing old mill is still Mag-gie, Since you and I were young. And
 we sang as gay as they Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
 me you're as fair as you Mag-gie, When you and I were young.

Bb F F C G7 C7

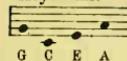
{ l : 1 : 1 , 1 | f : 1 , 1 | s : - | m . s : - . m | m : s , s | s . f : t . l | s : - | - : s , s }

now we are a - ged and gray Mag-gie, And the tri - al of life nearly done, Let us

F Bb F G7 F

{ s : m , r | d : r | d : - | l , d : - | l , s : d , m | s : r , m | d : - | - : }

sing of the days that are gone Mag-gie When you and I were young.



Down among the dead men.

Molto Con Spirito. C mi.
Bold.

Key Eb Lah=C: | 1 :.se | 1 :.m | f :r | m :.m | f :f .m | r :d |

Bb Cmi. Cmi. Fmi. G7 Fmi. Bb F7
| s :s, | d : (m) | 1 :.se | 1 :m | f :m :r | m :.m | f :m | r :d |

Bb Eb G7 Cmi. Bb Cmi. Chorus. Bb
| s :s, | d :m | 1 :.se | 1 :t | d :.t | d :. | d :r :m :f | s :s |

Dm Cmi. Fmi. G7 Fmi. G7 Cmi. Cmi. Fmi. G7 Cmi.
| r :m :f :s | 1 :1 | 1 :.s :. | f :.m :. | d :.t | 1 :.s :1 | r :m :1 |

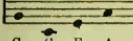
3.

In happy Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleasure to my soul,
Let Bacchus' health now briskly move,
For Bacchus is a friend to Love.
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

4.

May love and wine their rights sustain,
And their united pleasures reign,
While Bacchus' treasure crown the board,
We'll sing the joys that both afford;
And they that won't with us comply,
Down among the dead men let them lie.

The Death of Nelson.

Marcia. 

Key C. {     }

1. 'Twas in Tra-fal-gar's bay, We saw the Frenchmen lay, Each
 2. And now the Can-nons roar, A long th'affrighted shore, Our

heart was bound-ing then, We - scorn'd the foreign yoke for our
 Nel - son led the way, His - ship the "Vict'ry" named Long

ships were British Oak, And hearts of oak our men, Our
 be that "Vict'ry" famed, For - vic - t'ry crowns the day, But

Nel - son march'd them on the wave, Three cheers our gallant sea-men gave, Nor
 dear - ly was that con - quest bought, For well that gallant he - ro fought, For

thought of home - or beauty, Nor thought of home - or beauty, A -
 Eng - land home - and beauty, For Eng - land home - and beauty, He

F G7 C G7 G C D7 G7 G
 1 :t | d' :r' | m' :d' | r' : do. | d' : m' : r' | d' : | :s | m' : r' : d' |

long the line the sig - nal ran - Eng-land { ex - pects } that ev - 'ry
 cried as midst the fire he ran - shall find

G7 F G7 C F G7
 s' : - | :s | 1 :r', d' | t :s', f' | f', m' : | :s | 1 : - | f' : - m' | r' : - | s' : - f' |

man, This day will do his duty, this day will do his

m'. d' : d., d | d : d., d | m' : - | s : - | d : - | - : s., s | t., d' : t., t | s., f' : m., r | m., f' : s., f' | m |
 Sym. ff

duty.

E Gmi. Grave. G7 Gmi. G7 Cmi. G7 Ab7 Eb7

{ s' m | 1 : - . t | d' : t | 1 : - | :1 | t : - , d' | r' : d' | t : - | :t | d' : - | d' : - |

At last the fatal wound Which spread dismay a - round, The He - ro's

p > p & p > b p

ff 8 ff

Ab7 Bbmi. Ab7 Eb7 Ab7 G7 Ab7

d' : - | r' : t a s | f : 1 | s : - f | f : - | : 1 : d' | t : 1 | s e : - | : m | 1 : - d' | t : 1 |

breast, the he-ro's breast re-ceived, Heav'n fights on our side, The day's our own, he

Bonnie wee Window.

A D F# B

Key D. {s.f | m : d : m | s : m : s | 1 : f : l | s : - : s : s | d : t : d : l | 1 : r : d : l | t : l : t : l : d : - : d : }

1. There was a young lass an' her name it was Nell In a snug wee house wi' her grannie did dwell The

house was but wee but the window was less It had but four lozens an' aye want-it glass, 'Twas a

bonnie wee window, A handsome wee window, The bonniest wee window that ev'er I saw.

2. Though the lozen was broke, they a use for'd did fin'
To pit onything oot, an' tak' onything in;
But to Nell in especial, to her it was dear,
For her lovers at nicht cam' a coortin' her here,
'Twas a bonnie wee window,
A handsome wee window,
The bonniest wee window,
That ever I saw.

3. It happened ae nicht, Grannie went to her bed
And Johnnie the blithest young lad that Nell had,
Cam' o'er the hills, his true love to see,
And under the window, right planted got he.
'Twas a bonnie, etc.

4. These twa lovers hadna got muckle said,
When Grannie cries oot "Nelly come to your bed"
"I'm coming dear Grannie" young Nelly did say
So fare ye weel Johnnie, but come back next day.
'Twas a bonnie, etc.

5. Oh lassie dear lassie, dinna tak' it amiss
Before ye gang awa' ye maun grant me a kiss,
And to get a bit kiss, Johnnie rammed his head
through,
For what wadna love mak' a fond lover do?
'Twas a bonnie, etc.

6. Only ae kiss got Johnnie, and sweet was the
smack,
But for his dear life, could he get his head back,
He ruggit, he tuggit, he bawled, and he cursed;
While Nell's sides with laughter were like for to
burst.
'Twas a bonnie, etc.

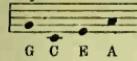
7. Grannie hearing the noise, jumped out on the floor,
And seizing the poker, she made for the door.
And on puir Johnnie's back, such a thump she laid
on,
Another like that would have broke his back bone.
'Twas a bonnie, etc.

8. Johnnie reekin' wi' heat, and smartin' wi' pain,
Kept ruggin' an tuggin' wi' micht an' wi' main,
Till the lintel gied way, and the window did
break;
But oh, the best half o't stuck fast to his neck.
'Twas a bonnie, etc.

9. As soon as the window in ruins did lie,
Auld Grannie let out such a horrible cry,
That alarmed a' the neighbours, lad, lass, man
and wife,
And caused puir Johnnie to rin for his life.
'Twas a bonnie, etc.

10. But when he got hame, wi' a hatchet soon he,
Frae his wooden cravat quickly set himself free,
And out o' fair spite, and to please his desire,
He burned baith wood and glass in the fire.
'Twas a bonnie, etc.

11. Next morn he rose at the break o' daylicht,
And sent for a joiner, to mak' a' things richt
But he vowed that the deil micht hae him for his
ain,
If he e'er kissed a lass through a window again.
Be she ever sae bonnie, or ever so braw,
Or the handsomest lassie that ever he saw.



Come into the Garden Maud.

G G7 G F B7 G7
 Key C. |d.m:f.s |t :.1 |s : - | - :s.s |1 :1 |r' :.d' |t : - | - : |
 Come into the gar - den Maud, for the black bat night has flown
 C G7 G F E7 C F C G7
 |d'.m:f.s |t :.1 |s : - | - :s.s |1 :1 |t :.t |d' : - | r',r' |m',f',m':r',m' |f' : - |
 Come into the gar-den Maud I am here at the gate a - lone I am here at the gate a -
 C C G C F F F C F
 |d : - | :d,d |r' : - |s |f :m,r |r :d,x |m :m,f |s :s.s |1 : - |f |m : - | - :m,m |
 lone **p** And the woodbine spi-ces are wafted abroad, And the musk of the rose is blown for a
 A A Dmi. Dmi. A Dmi. G7 G7
 |m :r |f : - |m |r :d |d,x |m,m : - |m |ba,se|r' : - | :r' |m' :r',t |1 :s,t |
 breeze of morn-ing moves And the planet of Love is on high Be gin-ning to faint in the
 G G7 G7 C E7 E7 A mi. B7
 |1 :s .d' |s : .d,d' |m' : - |r' |d,t:1 |s : - | - :s |se :se,t |m',f':m',r' |f',m' : - |d |m',r' : - |t |
 light that she loves On a bed of daffodil sky To faint in the light of the sun she loves, To
 A mi. B7 A mi. Bb G7
 |r',d' |s.e.1 |d',t :m',se |1 : - | :ta : - | :t : - | - : |
 faint in his light, And to die come! - come!

C G7 C F D7 G7 C G7
 { d'm:f.s.t :-1 | s :-1 - sis.s | 1 :1 | r' :-d' t :-1 - | d'm:f.s.t :-1 |
 Come in to the gar-den Maud for the black bat, Night has flown Come in to the gar-den
 pp a tempo

C F E7 C A F C
 { s :-1 - sis.s | 1 :1 .1 | t :-1 - | d' :-1 - d'd | d'e' de'd'e' de' :-1 - | r' : | re' :-1 - re |
 Maud I am here at the gate a - lone, f I am here at the gate a - lone, I am

C G7 C Fmi. Fmi. Bb mi. Bb mi.
 { m' :-1 - f'm'r'm' | f' :-1 - r' | d' : | Ab. :d'm. m m m | f m | m :r.l | r : ,f |
 here _____ at the gate a - lone p Queen rose of the rose-bud gar-den of girls Come

Fmi. Bb mi. Fmi. Fmi. Bb mi. Fmi. Fmi.
 { f .m : .r l r d : .t | s :-1 - .m | m :-1 m .r :-1 d | s .f :-1 m f . :d' |
 hi - ther the dances are done in gloss of sat-in and glimmer of pearls Queen

Fmi. G7 G7 D7 G7 A mi.
 { d' .d' :-1 d' :-1 r' | d' :t | :r' | r' :r'.r' | m' :r' .r' | r' :d' .t | r' : .d',d' |
 li - ly and rose in one Shine out lit - tle head sun - ning o - ver with curls To the

G7 D7 G7 G7 G7 A mi.
 { d' :t .t | t .l :m' ,r' | s : ,r' | r' : ,r' | f' :-1 - r' | d' ,t :t | r' : .d',d' |
 flow - ers, and be their sun Shine out shine out and be their sun

21

G G7 G F D7 G7
 {d'.m:f.s | t : - .1 | s : - | - : s.s | 1 :1 | r' : - .d' | t : - | - : }
 Come in-to the gar - den Maud, for the black bat night has flown,

G7 G7 G7 G7
 {d'.m:f.s | t : - .1 | s : - | - : s.s | s.s : .s | s : - | - : s.t }
 Come in-to the gar - den Maud, she is coming, my own, my sweet, Were it

D7 D7 G7 F G7
 {r' : r'.r' | r' : de'.d' | t : | - : s | 1 : - .1 | 1 : 1 : 1 | r' : - | - : s.s }
 ev - er so air - y a tread, My heart would hear her and beat, Were it

F G7 G7 G G7 G
 {1 : 1 .1 | 1 : - .1 | r' : - | - : | re' : - | - : | m' : - | f' : - | - .m' : r' .d' | t : }
 earth in an earth - y bed Come my own my sweet,

G7 G G7 E7 F F
 {m' : - | f' : - | - .m' : r' .d' | t : | s : | se : | 1 : | f' : - }
 Come my own my sweet, Maud, Maud, Come, I'm

G G7 G G7 G G7 G
 {m' : - | - : d' .d' | d' : | - : - .d' | d' : | - : | - : | - : }
 here at the gate a lone.

TUNE UKE: Key G.



The Nameless Lassie.

Andante con moto.

Key G.: s1 | d ..,t1 :l1 ..s1 | l1 ..,t1 :d ..,r | m ,d.- :f ,m | m fm:r .s1 |

1. There's nane may ev - er guess or trow My bon-nie lass - ie's name; — There's

2. She's gen - tle as she's bon-nie, An' she's mod-est as she's fair, — Her

nane may ken the hum-ble cot my lass - ie ca's her hame; Yet

vir - tues, like her beau-ties a', Are var - ied as they're rare; While

tho' my lassie's nameless, An' her kin o' low de - gree, — Her heart is warm, her thoughts are pure, An'

she is light and mer - ry As the lammie on the lea, — For hap - pi-ness and in - no-cence The-

O she's dear to me. — Her heart is warm, her thoughts are pure, An' O she's dear to me.

gith-er aye maun be. — For hap - pi-ness and in - no-cence The- gith-er aye maun be.

3

When she unveils her blooming face,
The flowr's may cease to blow;
An' when she opes her honnied lips,
The air it trembles a';
But when wi' iither's sorrows touch'd
The tear starts till her e'e,
Oh that's the gem in beauty's crown,
The priceless pearl to me!

4

Within my soul her form's enshrined,
Her heart is a' my ain;
An' richer prize, or purer bliss,
Nae mortal e'er can gain;
The darkest paths o' life I tread
Wi' steps o' bounding glee,
Cheered onward by the love that lights
My nameless lassie's e'e!

*Rolling Home to Bonnie Scotland.

TUNE UKE: Key D.



D

A 7

Key D. { :d ,m | s :- .s :fe .s | 1 .s :- :m ,s | m! :- .t :r! ,d! ,l | s :- :t ,d! }

mf 1. Up a-loft a-mid the rig-ging sings the fresh exult-ing gale Strong as
2. Twice a thou-sand miles be-hind us, and a thou-sand miles be-fore, Ancient
3. Sail-ing near-er, ev-er nearer to the sun - rise and the dawn, Sailing

D

A 7

D

|| r! :- .d! :t ,f | 1 .s :- :fe ,s | t :- .l :f ,s | m :- :d ,m | s :- .s :fe .s |
spring - time in the blossoms filling out each swelling sail And the wild waves cleft be-
o - cean, hea-vesto bear us to the well remember'd shore, New-born breez - es swell to
east - ward, ev-er eastward to the land where we were born. We will sing, in joyous

A 7

D

|| 1 .s :- :m ,s | m! :- .t :r! ,d! ,l | s :- :t ,d! | r! :- .d! :t ,f | 1 .s :- :fe .s |
hind us, seem to mur - mur as they flow There are kind - ly hearts to greet you in the
waft us, to our child-hoods balmy skies, To the glow of friendly fac-es, to the
cho-rus thro' the watch-es of the night We shall see the shores of Scotland, at the

A 7

D

CHORUS.

D

|| t :- .s :f ,r | d :- || d ,m | s :- :m ,s | d! :- :s ,d | m! :- .t :r! ,d! ,l |
land to which you go Roll-ing home roll-ing home roll-ing home a-cross the
light of lov-ing eyes. dawn - ing of the light.

A 7

D

A 7

D

|| s :- :t ,d! | r! :- .d! :t ,f | 1 .s :- :fe ,s | t :- .s :f ,r | d :- ||
rit.
sea Roll-ing home to bon-nie Scotland roll-ing home dear land to thee.

The Sons of Bonnie Scotland.

Key Bb. { :s₁ | s₁ :- .l₁ | s₁ :m₁ | s₁ :- .l₁ | s₁ :- .d₁ | d₁ :- t₁ | l₁ :s₁ | t₁ :- l₁ :- l₁ | l₁ :- .t₁ | l₁ :f₁ }

1. Let o - ther rhy - mers sing a - bout The lands both far and near, My voice I'll raise and

2. Where is the Scots - man does not feel The pa - tri - ot - ic fire, When thinking on the

l₁ :- .t₁ | l₁ :t₁.d | r :d | l₁ :l₁ | s₁ :- l₁ :m₁.f₁ | s₁ :- l₁ | s₁ :m₁ | s₁.d :- l₁ :d .x |

sing in praise O' my na - tive land so dear, Where grows the bon - nie hea - ther bell Blythe

Bards, who sweet - ly Strung the Dor - ic Lyre, Our hearts with mirth and hap - pi - ness, They

burn - ie rush - ing clear That rolls a - mong the braes o' bonnie Scot - land.

al - ways did in - spire, For they sang a - bout their country, bonnie Scot - land.

CHORUS.

The land where he - roes fought and fell, The land where bon - nie lassies dwell Where grows the bonnie

heather bell A - mong the braes o' Scot - land. The land we boast a - bout wi' pride Sur -

- rounded by the o - cean wide Who was it fa - mous made the Clyde But the sons o' bonnie Scotland

The Hundred Pipers.

Key F. {d.r | m :-:s, | s, | l, | s, | 1, | :-:d | d | :-:1 | l | s :-:m | m | x | d | r :-:x | r | :-:d | x | m :-:s, | s, | l, | s, | }

1 Wi'a hundred pipers an' a', an'a', Wi'a hundred pipers an' a', an'a', We'll up an'gie them a

blaw, a blaw, Wi'a hundred pipers an' a', an'a', Oh, it's owre the border, a wa', a-wa', It's

owre the border a wa', a-wa', We'll on an'we'll march to Car-lisle ha'. Wi' it's yetts and castles an'

a', an'a'. Wi'a hun-dred pi-pers an' a', an'a', Wi'a hun-dred pi-pers an'

a', an'a', We'll up an'gie them a blaw, a blaw, Wi'a hundred pipers an' a', an'a'.

2. Oh! our sodger lads looked braw, looked braw,
Wi' their tartan kilts an'a', an'a',
Wi' their bonnets an' feathers an' glitt'r' gear,
An' pibrochs sounding loud and clear.
Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?
Will they a' return, oor Hielan' men?
Second sighted Sandy looked fu' wae,
An' mithers grat when they marched awa'.
Wi'a hundred pipers, etc.

3. Oh! wha is foremost o'a', o'a'?
Oh! wha is foremost o'a', o'a'?
Bonnie Charlie, the King o' us a', hurrah!
Wi' his hundred pipers an'a', an'a'.
His bonnet and feathers he's waving high,
His prancing steed maist seems to fly,
The nor' win' plays wi' his curly hair,
While the pipers play wi' an unco flare.
Wi'a hundred pipers, etc.

4. The Esk was swollen sae red an' sae deep,
But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep;
Twa thousand swam owre to fell English grun',
An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound;
Dumfoun'er'd the English saw, they saw,
Dumfoun'er'd they heard the blaw, the blaw,
Dumfoun'er'd they a ran awa', awa',
Frae the hundred pipers, an'a', an'a'.
Wi'a hundred pipers, etc.

Teddy O' Neale.

Andante. G

Key G. ts, m :- m : m m : r : m f : l, : r d : t, : .l, s, : d : d

E mi. A7 D7 G A mi. D7 G

1. I've seen the old cab-in he danc'd his wild jigs in, As neat a mud

d : t, : d m : r : d r : - : s, m :- m : m m : r : m f : l, : r d : t, : l,

cab-in as ev-er was seen; Con- sid -'ring 'twas used to keep poultry and pigs in, I'm

G G C G A7 D7 G D7

s, : d : m s : f : m r .l, : - : t, d : - : t, d r : - : r .r r : r : m f : m : r

sure it was al-ways kept i- li- gant clean. But now all a-round seems so sad and so

G E mi. A7 D7 G

m .d : - : d d : - : d : d d : r : m m : r : d s : - : f m : - : m : m m : r : m

dreary, All dark and all si-lent, no pi - per, no reel; Not e - ven the sun thro' the

A mi. D7 G G C G A7 D7 G

f : l, : r d : t, : l, .l, s, : d : m s : f : m r .l, : - : t, d : -

case - ment shines cheer - y Since I lost my own dar - ling boy, Ted - dy O' Neale.

2. I dreamt but last night, (Oh! bad luck to my dreaming,
I'd die if I thought 'twould come surely to pass.)
But I dreamt, while the tears down my pillow were streaming,
That Teddy was courtin' another fair lass.
Och! did not I wake with a weeping and wailing,
The grief of that thought was too deep to conceal;
My mother cried "Norah, child, what is your ailing?"
And all I could utter, was "Teddy O' Neale."

3. Shall I ever forget, when the big ship was ready,
The moment had come, when my love must depart;
How I sobb'd like a spaldeen, "Goodbye to you, Teddy,"
With drops on my cheek and a stone at my heart.
He says 'tis to better his fortune he's roving,
But what would be gold, to the joy I would feel
If I saw him come back to me, honest and loving,
Still poor, but my own darling Teddy O' Neale.

Old King Cole.



Bb

Eb

Bb

F7

Bb

Key Bb || d :d ls₁ :s₁.s₁ l₁.l₁ :l₁ ls₁ :s₁.s₁ d .d :d lr :t₁ | d : - : - :s₁ }

Old King Cole was a mer-ry old soul, And a mer-ry old soul was he, — He

|| d :d .d ls₁ :s₁.s₁ l₁ :l₁.l₁ ls₁ :s₁.s₁ d :d .d lr .r :t₁ | d : - : - :s₁ }

(fid - dlers)
trumpeters
drum - mers
pip - ers
harp - ers

call'd for his pipe, and he call'd for his bowl, And he call'd for his three, — Now

|| m₁ :m₁ ls₁.s₁ :s₁ l₁.l₁ :t₁ ld .d :d .r | m .m :m lf .f :r | d : - :t₁ :t₁ }

(fid - dler)
trumpeter
drum - mer
pip - er
harp - er

ev - 'ry had a fine And a ve - ry fine had he — Then

(fiddle)
trumpet
drum
pipe
harp

(fiddle)
trumpet
drum
pipe
harp

Bb *No repeat 1st Verse.*
Repeat as often as required.

|| d .d :d .d ld .d :d .d | d :s₁.s₁ | m₁.m₁ :s₁.s₁ || d :d lr :r | m : - : - :s.f }

(fiddle didle didle didle
toot a toot a toot a toot a
rub a dub a dub a dub a
yang a yanga yang a yang a
ping a pang a ping a pang a

dee went the fid - dlers,
toot went the trumpeters,
dub went the drummers,
yang went the pip - ers,
ping went the harp - ers,

Mer - ry men are we, — Oh

|| m :m lr :r | d :d ls₁ :s₁.s₁ | d :d lr :t₁ | d : - : - : ||

none there were who could com - pare With the sons of har - mon - y. —

I'm goin' back to Dixie.

A D F# B

G

D

G

C

G

G

D

Allegretto.

Key G. { :

: m

s1

s1

: 1

, t1

d

d

:

d

d

d

, 1

l1

s1

: s1

s1

s1

s1

: 1

, t1

1. I'm go - in' back to Dixie, No more I'm goin' to wander, My heart turn'd back to
 2. I've hoed in fields of cotton, I've work'd upon the riv-er, I used to think, if
 3. I'm trav'ling back to Dixie, My step is slow and fee-ble, I pray the Lord to

Dixie I can't stay here no longer, I miss de ole plan-tation, My home and my re-
 I got off, I'se go back there no new-er, But time has chang'd the old man His head is bend - ing
 help me, And keep me from all ev-il, And should my strength for-sake me Then kind friends come and

la-tions, My heart's turn'd back to Dix-ie, And I must go.
 low, His heart's turn'd back to Dix-ie, And he must go.
 take me, My heart's turn'd back to Dix-ie, And I must go.

Chorus

{ s1 | s1 : s1 , s1 | s1 . s1 : - . s1 | l1 : l1 , l1 | l1 . l1 : - . l1 | d : d , d }

I'm goin' back to Dix-ie, I'm goin' back to Dix-ie, I'm goin' where the

D7

G

orange blossoms grow,

For I hear the chil-dren call-ing, I

see their sad tears fall-ing, My heart's turn'd back to Dix-ie, And I must go.

The Vicar of Bray.

The musical score for 'The Vicar of Bray' is presented in a multi-line format. It includes a title page with tuning information, a vocal line with a piano accompaniment, and a guitar chord line. The lyrics are integrated into the music, with some lines appearing above the staff and others below. Chords are indicated by letters above the staff, and a 'Chorus.' section is marked with a vertical line and a repeat sign.

Key D. { :s | d' :t.l | s :1 | f :s | m :f | s :d | f :m | r : - | l :d :s | d' :t.l | s :1 | }

1. In good King Charles's gold-en days, When loy-al-ty no harm meant, A zealous High-Church-
2. When roy-al James ob-tain'd the crown And Pop-try came in fash-ion, The pen-al laws I

man was I, And so I got pre-fer-ment; To teach my flock, I nev-er miss'd, Kings were by God ap-
hoot-ed down, And read the De-clar-a-tion; The Church of Rome, I found would fit Full well my con-sti-

point-ed And dam'd are those who do re-sist, Or touch the Lord's a-noint-ed. And this is law, that
tu-tion, And had be-come a Je-su-it But for the Re-vol-u-tion.

I'll maintain Un-til my dy-ing day, sir, That what so-ev-er King shall reign, I'll be the Vicar of Bray Sir.

3. When William was our King declared,
To ease the nation's grieve-ance,
With this new wind about I steered,
And swore to him allegiance;
Old principles I did revoke,
Set con-science at a distance;
Passive obedi-ence was a joke,
A jest was non resistance.
And this is law, etc.

4. When gracious Anne became our Queen,
The Church of Eng-land's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory,
Occasional Con-formists base
I damn'd their moderation,
And thought the Church in danger was,
By such prevar-i-cation.
And this is law, etc.

5. When George in pudding time came o'er
And moderate men looked big, sir,
I turned a cat-in-pan once more,
And so became a Whig, sir;
And thus, preferment I procured,
From our new faith's defen-der,
And almost every day abjured
The Pope and the Pretender,
And this is law, etc.

6. The illus-trious house of Hanover,
And Protestant suc-cession,
To these I do allegiance swear,
While they can keep pos-session -
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my law-ful King shall be,
Until the times do alter.
And this is law, etc.

My Pretty Jane. (When the bloom is on the Rye.)

(When the bloom is on the Rye.)

Key G: {s, | m :-r | f .m :r .d | t, :l, | r.d:t,l, | s, .d :- | t, .s,:m .r | d :- | - : .s, }

1. My pret - ty Jane my dearest Jane — lah' never nev-er look so shy — But
2. But name the day the wedding day — and I shall buy the ring — The

meet me meet me in the ev - 'ning While the bloom is on the rye. — The
lads and maids in fav - ours white And village bells the village bells shall ring. — The

spring is wan - ing fast — my love The corn is in the ear, The

summer nights are com - ing love The moon shines bright and clear, Then

pretty Jane my dear - est Jane, Ah never look so shy — But

meet me meet me in the ev - 'ning While the bloom is on the rye. —

The Anchor's Weighed.

Key G. A D F[#] B

1. The tear fell gen-tly from her eye, When last we part-ed on the shore; My
 2. "Weep not, my love!" I trem-bling said, "Doubt not a constant heart-like mine; I

bo-som heav'd with many a sigh, To think I ne'er might see her more, To
 neer can meet an oth-er maid, Whose charms can fix that heart like thine! Whose

think I ne'er might see her more, "Dear youth," she cried, "and then," she cried, "but
 charms can fix that heart like thine!" "Go

canst thou haste a-way, My heart will break; A lit-tle moment stay, A-las! I cannot, I
 let thy constant mind Oft think of her you leave in tears behind! "Dear maid, this last em-

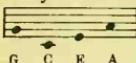
cannot part from thee." "The an-chor's weigh'd! The an-chor's weigh'd!
 brace my pledge shall be!" "The an-chor's weigh'd! The an-chor's weigh'd!

"Fare-well! Fare-well! Fare-well! re-mem-ber me!"

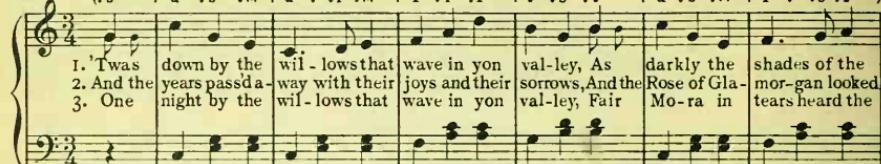
"Fare-well! Fare-well! Fare-well! re-mem-ber me!"

TUNE UKE.
Key C.

The Rose of Glamorgan.



Key C. { :s | d' :s :m | d :--.r :m | F | t :s :t | C | d' :s :m | F | }



{ :s :d' :t | d' :-- :s | d' :s :m | d :--.r :m | F | G7 | }

ev-ning drew nigh, That Mo-ra the fair bloom-ing Rose of Gla-mor-gan, Stood wea-ry, and pale, As she stray'd by the wa-ters and thought of her dark roll-ing, lov-er, Or tempests wild roar, When a ship breasted brave-ly the billows, And the

{ :d' :s :m | F | :s :d' :t | d' :-- :d' :r | m' :d' :m' | G7 | }

lonely and sigh'd by the crew, with a sad with the wil-lows that cheer, reach'd their tear in her wave in yon eye. He comes not! he comes not! the

sigh'd by the crew, with a sad with the wil-lows that cheer, reach'd their tear in her wave in yon eye. He comes not! he comes not! the

lonely and sigh'd by the crew, with a sad with the wil-lows that cheer, reach'd their tear in her wave in yon eye. He comes not! he comes not! the

lonely and sigh'd by the crew, with a sad with the wil-lows that cheer, reach'd their tear in her wave in yon eye. He comes not! he comes not! the

lad I love flocking a-waken'd her dear-ly, She cried as the waves hoarsely dash'd on the shore, And she fear'd the stout

lad I love flocking a-waken'd her dear-ly, She cried as the waves hoarsely dash'd on the shore, And she fear'd the stout

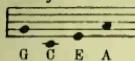
lad I love flocking a-waken'd her dear-ly, She cried as the waves hoarsely dash'd on the shore, And she fear'd the stout

lad I love flocking a-waken'd her dear-ly, She cried as the waves hoarsely dash'd on the shore, And she fear'd the stout

ship had gone down in the ocean, With the gal-lant young heart that would love her no more

true, to the lad lov'd so long ab-sent, dear-ly, Whom she feard in her Rose of Gla-mor-gan, once gain

true, to the lad lov'd so long ab-sent, dear-ly, Whom she feard in her Rose of Gla-mor-gan, once gain

TUNE UKE.
Key C.

The Lass of Richmond Hill.

Allegretto.

Key C. { s | s . d' : d' . d' | r', d'. t , d'. r' . f' | m' . d' : l . r' | d' . t . s }

1. On Rich-mond hill there lives a lass, More sweet than May day
 2. Ye Ze-physr gay that fan the air, And wand-er through the morn, Whose
 3. How hap-py will the shep-herd be, Who calls this nymph his grove, Oh
 own, Oh

{ s . d' : d' . d' | r', d'. t , d'. r' . , d' | t . s : l . fe | s : - . d' }

charms all o - ther maids sur - pass a rose with - out a thorn,
 whis-per to my charm - ing fair, I love, This
 may her choice be fix'd on me, Mines fix'd on her a - lone,

{ t . s : s . d' | t . s : s . d' | t . d' : f' . m' | m' : r' . d' | t . s : s . d' }

lass so neat with smiles so sweet, Has won my right good - will I'd crowns re-sign to

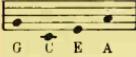
{ t . s : s' . d' | t . d' : r' . t | d' : - . s | s . d' : d' . m' | m' : - . l }

call her mine, Sweet lass of Rich-mond hill. Sweet lass of Rich-mond hill, Sweet

{ l . r : r' . f' | f' : - . r' | m' , r' : d' . t | d' . l . s . f | m . s : r . t | d' : - . }

lass of Richmond hill, I'd crowns re-sign to call her mine Sweet lass of Richmond hill.

The Gypsy's Warning.



Allegretto.

Key C. { m. f | s : d : m. r | d : m : t , l | s : - . r : s . f | m : - . : m . f }

1. Do not trust him gentle lady, Though his voice be low and sweet Heed not
p

{ s : d : m. r | d : m : t . l | s : - . r : f , m | d : - . : r . m | f : r : d . t . l }

him who kneels before thee Gently pleading at thy feet. Now thy life is in its
rit. *a tempo.*

{ s : d : t . d | r : - . r : t , l | s : : m . f | s : d : d . d | t . l : - . r . m }

morn-ing cloud not thus thy happy lot, Listen to the gypsy's warning, gentle
p

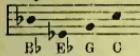
{ s : - . s : f . r | m : - . : m . f | s : d : d . , s | t . l : - . r . m | s : - . s : l . t | d : - . }

la - dy trust him not, Listen to the gypsy's warning, gentle la - dy trust him not.
a tempo. *rit.*

2. Do not turn so coldly from me, I would only guard thy youth
 From his stern and with'ring power, I would only tell thee truth.
 I would shield thee from all danger, save thee from the Tempter's snare,
 Lady, shun that dark eyed stranger, I have warned thee — now beware.
3. Lady, once there lived a maiden, pure and bright, and like thee, fair,
 But he wo'd and wo'd and won her, filled her gentle heart with care.
 Then he heeded not her weeping, nor cared he, her life to save,
 Soon she perished, now she's sleeping, in the cold and silent grave.
4. Keep thy gold, I do not wish it, lady I have prayed for this
 For the hour when I might foil him, rob him of expected bliss.
 Gentle lady, do not wonder at my words so cold and wild,
 Lady, in that green grave yonder, lies the gypsy's only child.

TUNE UKE.

Key Eb.



Weel May the Keel Row.

Allegro.

Key Eb. | .s. | m , ,m :d , ,m | f :r ,f | m , ,m :d , ,m | r , ,t, :s, .f |

I. Oh, who is like my John-nie, Sae leish, sae blythe, sae bon-nie! He's

fore-most'mang the mo-ny Keel lads o' coal-y Tyne. He'll set or row sae

1 :s , ,f | m , ,d :d , ,m | r ,t, :s, .f | m , ,s :s , ,d | 1 :s , ,f |

tight-ly, Or, in the dance sae spright-ly, He'll cut and shuf-fle sight-ly, 'Tis

true, were he not mine. Chorus. Weel may the keel row, The keel row, the

keel row, Weel may the keel row That my lad's in. ||

2. He has nae mair o' learning,
Than tells his weekly earning;
Yet right frae wrang discerning,
Tho' brave, nae bruiser he.
Tho' he be no worth a plack is,
His ain coat on his back is;
And nane can say that black is
The white o' Johnnie's e'e.
Weel may the keel row, etc.

3. He wears a blue bonnet,
Blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet,
A dimple's in his chin;
And weel may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
And weel may the keel row,
That my lad's in.
Weel may the keel row, etc.

Polly-wolly-doodle.

Allegro. 

Key F: d . x | m : m | d : d . x | m : m | d : d . x | m : m : m . m | f . f : m : m | r : - | : t . d |

1. Oh I went down South for to see my Sal, Sing Polly-Wolly-doodle all the day, My



Chorus.

r : r lt, : t . d | r : r lt, : t, | s . s : s . s lf . f : r . x | d : - | : d . r |

Sal- ly am a speech-y gal Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day Fare thee

m : d . d | d : d . x | m : d . d | d : m | m : m lf : m | r : - | : t . d |

well, fare thee well, fare thee well, fare thee well Fare - well my fai - ry fay. Oh I'm



r . r : r . r lt, : t, : d . d | r . r : r . r lt, : t, : r . r | s . s : s . s lf . f : r . x | d : - | : |

off to Loui-si-an - a for to see my Su-sy An-na Singing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day.

2.

Oh my Sal, she am a maiden fair
Sing, "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the day,
With laughing eyes and curly hair,
Sing, "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the day.

3.

Oh I cam to a river, an' I couldn't get across
Sing, "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the day,
An' I jumped upon a nigger, for I tho't he was a hoss
Sing, "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the day.

4.

Oh a grasshopper sittin' on a railroad track,
Sing, "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the day,
A-pickin' his teef, with a carpet tack,
Sing, "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the day.

Oh I went to bed but it wasn't no use,
Sing, "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the day,
My feet struck out for a chicken roost
Sing, "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the day.

6.

Behind de barn, down on my knees
Sing, "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the day,
I thought I heard that chicken sneeze
Sing, "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the day.

7.

He sneezed so hard, wid de hoopin' cough
Sing, "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the day,
He sneezed his head, an' his tail right off
Sing, "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the day.

Chorus may be sung twice after each verse if desired.

TUNE UKE.

Key C.

Kingdom Coming.

Moderato.

Key C. { s | d . m : m . s | s . m' : m' , r' . d' , l | s . d' : d' . m | r : - . s }

I. Say, dark-ies hab you seen de massa, Wid de muffstash on his face; Go

{ d . m : m . s | s . m' : m' , r' . d' , l | s . d' : r' . , r' . d' : - . s | l . , l : l - d' }

'long de road some-time dis mornin', Like he gwine to leab de place? He seen the smoke way

{ s . , l : s , f . m , f | s . m : d' . m | r : - . s | d . m , m : m . s | s . m' , m : m' , r' . d' , l }

up de ribber, Whar de Lin-Rumgunboats lay, He took off his hat and lef berry sudden An'I

{ s . d' : r' . , r' . d' : - . s | 1 . , t : d' . , l | d' : - . l | s . , l : s . , m }

Chorus.

spec he's run a - way. De mas - sa run? Ha, Ha! De dark-ies stay? Ho,

{ s : - . s | d . m : m . s | s . m' : m' , r' . d' , l | s . d' : r' . , r' . d' : - . }

Ho! It must be now de King-dom comin' An'de year ob Jub - il - o.

2. He's six foot one way, two foot tudder,
An' he weigh tree hundred pound,
His coat so big he couldn't pay de tailor,
An' it won't go half way round.
He drill so much dey call him Cap'en,
An' he got so dref-ful tann'd,
I spect he try and fool dem Yankees
For to tink he's contraband.

Chorus.

3. De darkies feel so lonesome libbing
In de log house on de lawn,
Dey move der dings to mass'a's parlor
For to keep it while he's gone.
Dar's wine and cider in de cellar,
An' de darkies dey'll hab some,
I'spose dey'll all be confiscated
When de Lin-Rum so-jers come.

Chorus



Here's a health unto His Majesty.

Maestoso.



Key G. { d . r | m : m | m : m | r : m | d : d . r | m : m | m : m | m : r . d }

Here's a health un - to His Ma - jes - ty, With a fa la la la la

r : - | d : d . r | m : m | m : m | r : - | m : m | d : d . r | m : m | m : m | m : r . d }

la la, Con - fu - sion to his en - e-mies, With a fa la la la la

r : - | d : m | m : - | f | s : m | 1 : 1 | s : m | m : - | f | s : m }

la la, And he that will not drink his health, I wish him nei - ther

A mi. D7 G D7 G G r : - | d | t : d . r | m : m | m : m | r : m | d : d . r |

wit nor wealth Nor yet a rope to hang him - self With a

m : m | m : r . d | r . d : r . m | f : d . r | m : m | m : r . d | r : - | d |

fa la la la la la la la la la, With a fa la la la la la la

TUNE UKE.

Key E.



Nancy Till.

(Down in the Cane-Brake)

Allegro.

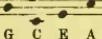
Key F.

d : m , r d : m f : f , l s : d : m , r d , r : m , f

I. Down in the cane-brake, close by the mill There lived a yellow girl, her
*mf*s . f : r , m d : . d d : m , r d : m , m f : l s : . d
name was Nan - cy Till; She knew that I loved her, she knew it long, I'md , d : r . t , d . r : m , f s . f : r . m d : s : s : d : - . m
going to ser - en - ade her and I'll sing this song. Chorus. Come, love, come, thes : f r : - . m f . m : f . s l : t , t , d : m s : s : s : s
boat lies low, She lies high and dry on the O - hi - o, Come, love,d : d : m s : l : s : f r : f : f . s l : t , r : d : - d :
come, won't you come a-long with me? I'll take you down to Ten-nes - see.

2. Open the window, love O do,
And listen to the music that I play for you;
The whisp'ring of love, so soft and low,
I'll harmonise my voice with the Ohio. Chorus.

3. Farewell love I must now away
I've a long way to travel, before the break of day;
The next time I come, be ready love to go
A-sailing on the banks of the Ohio. Chorus.


 I'm goin' to leave Old Dixie.

Allegro moderato.

Key F. { .m | m .m :m .m | s .m :.m | s .m :s .m | s :.s | 1 .1 :1 .1 | s .m :.r |

mf
 1. I'm goin' to leave old Dixie De times are gettin' bad De fields am all de-sert-ed De
 2. I'm goin' to leave old Dixie It's here I'd like to stay And rest dem bones so weary When

D.m. C7 F
 || d .t, : d .m | r :.s, | m .m :m .m | s .m :.m | s .m :s .m | s :.s |

old man's heart am sad I'd neb-ber quit the ole home, But here I starve and die, It
 called from earth a - way But all am gone to ru-in And I am forced to fly, My

Bb F F C7 F Chorus. Bb
 || 1 .1 :1 .d' | s .m :.d | m :r | d :.s || s :.m | s :.s | 1 :.f |

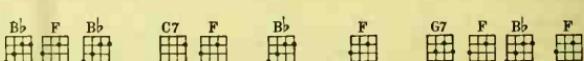
breaks my heart to leave you Old home,good -by I'm goin' to leave ole Dix - ie's
 tears for you am fall-ing Old home,good -by

F C7 F
 || 1 : .1 | s :.1 | s .m :d .m | r : - | :d .r | m .m :m .m |

land It breaks my heart to leave de home But the Chil-lum gad-der

Bb F Bb C7 F Bb F G7 F Bb F
 || s .m :.m | s .m :f .s | 1 :.t | d' .t :d' .1 | s .m :.d | m :r | d : - ||

round me, Wid hun-ger dey do cry I'm goin' to leave ole Dix-ie Old home,good -by.



TUNE UKE.
Key F.

Drink to me only.

Key F

F C7 F C7 F C7 F C7 F Bb F C7

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath Not so much hon - ring

p

F C7 F C7 F C7 F C7

mine, thee, Or leave a kiss with a in hope the that cup, there And It
As giv - ing it

F Bb F C7 F

I'll not ask for wine; The thirst that from the soul doth
could not with - er'd be; But thou there on didst on - ly

Bb F C7 F C7 F

rise Doth ask a drink di - vine, But might I Since when it
breathe, And sent'st it back to me,

C7 F C7 F C7 F C7 F Bb F C7 F

of, Love's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.
grows, and smells, I swear, Not of it - self but thee



So Early in the Morning.

Allegro con brio.

Key F. { | | }

mf 1. South Car-o-olina's a sul-try clime Where we used to work in the Sum-mer time.

Chorus.

Mas-sa'neath the shade would lay While we poor nig-gers toiled all day. So

f ear-ly in de morn-ing, So ear-ly in de morn-ing, So

ear-ly in de morn-ing Be-fore de break of day.

2. When I was young I used to wait
On Massa's table lay de plate
Pass de bottle when him dry
Brush away the blue tail'd fly.

Chorus.

3. Now Massa's dead and gone to rest
Of all de Massas he was best,
I nebber see de like since I was born.
Miss him now he's dead and gone.

Chorus.

Come Lasses and Lads.

Key C. {d | a : - .r : d | d' : - : d' | r' : - .d' t | l | : - : s | s : - .l : s | s : - : m | s : - : - | : : m |

I. Come las - ses and lads, get leave of your Dads And a - way to the May - pole hie. For
 2. You're out, says Dick, not I, says Nick, Twas the fid - dler play'd it wrong; 'Tis
 3. Then af - ter an hour they went to the bow'r And played for ale and cakes; And
 4. Good night says Harry, Good night says Mary, Good night, says Poll to John; Good -

A mi E 7 A mi

{m : - : l | l : - .s : e | l | m : - : l | l : - : l .t | d : - .t : l | l t : - : s : e | l : - : - | : : s |

ev - ry fair has a sweet - heart there And the fiddlers stand - ing by. For
 true, says Hugh, and so says Sue, And so says ev - 'ry one. The
 kis - ses too - un - til they were due The las - ses held the stakes. The
 night, says Sue to her sweet - heart Hugh, Good night, says ev - 'ry one. Some

C F E 7 G 7

{s : - .l : s | d' : - : t | l : - : - | : : l | l : - .t : l | r' : - : d' | t : - : - | d' : r' |

Wil - ly shall dance with Jane. And John - ny has got his Joan. To
 fid - dler then be - gan. To play the tune a - gain. And
 girls then did be - gin. To quar - rel with the men. And
 walk'd and some did run, Some loit - er'd on the way. And

C G 7 A mi C C G 7

{m : - : d' | r' : - : t | d' : - .t : l | s : : m | s : - .l : t | d' : - : m | r : - : - | d' : r' |

trip it trip it trip it, trip it, trip it up and down To
 ev - 'ry girl did trip it, trip it, Trip it to the men; And
 bade them take their kis - ses back, And give them their own a gain; And
 bound them - selves by kis - ses twelve, To meet the next ho - li - day; And

C G 7 A mi C F C C

{m : - : d' | r' : - : t | d' : - .t : l | s : : m | f : - .s : l | s : d | t | d' : - : - | : : |

trip it trip it trip it, trip it, trip it up and down.
 ev - 'ry girl did trip it, trip it, Trip it to the men.
 bade them take their kis - ses back, And give them their own a gain.
 bound themselves with kis - ses twelve, To meet the next ho - li - day.



Noah's Ark.

Moderato.

Key G. {s1 | d:-:r | m:-:s1 | d:-:r | m:-:m | r:-:r | r :m :r | d:-: - : :s1 |

G

D7

G

mf. I. Oh Noah's ark was made of bark, For one wide riv-er to cross. — He

{d :d :r | m :m :s1 | d:-:r | m:-:m | r:-:r | r :m :r | d:-: - : |

covered it o-ver to save his ark, The one more riv-er to cross. —

CHORUS.

{m | s :-: l :-: | s :m :-: | :m | r:-:r | r :d :r | m :-: l :-:s |

G

C

G

D7

G

There's one more riv-er, And that old riv-er is Jor-dan, There's

{s :-: l :-: | s :m :-: | :d | r:-:r | r :m :r | d:-: - : |

one more riv-er, There's one more riv-er to cross. —

2. The animals went in two by two,
There's one more river to cross.
The ostrich and the cock-a-boo,
There's one more river to cross.

Chorus.

3. The animals went in three by three,
There's one more river to cross.
The dancing bear and the lively flea,
There's one more river to cross.

Chorus.

4. The animals went in four by four,
There's one more river to cross.
And then they wanted to shut the door,
There's one more river to cross.

Chorus.

5. The animals went in five by five,
There's one more river to cross.
And soon they were inside the hive,
There's one more river to cross.

Chorus.

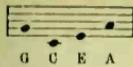
6. The animals went in six by six,
There's one more river to cross.
And really it was an awful fix,
There's one more river to cross.

Chorus.

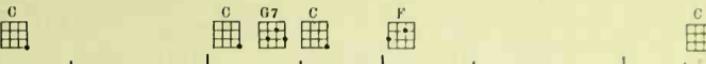
7. For Mrs. Noah and her sons,
Had this wide river to cross.
But found the old man eating buns,
With still that river to cross.

Chorus.

TUNE UKE.
Key C.



God be with you.

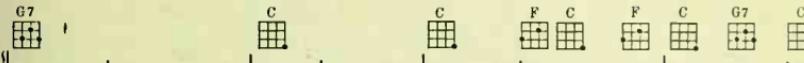
Key C. ||  ||

God be with you till we meet a - gain By His counsels guide up - hold you

With His sheep se-ure-ly fold you God be with you till we meet a - gain.

Till we meet, — till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet Till we

meet, — till we meet God be with you till we meet a - gain.

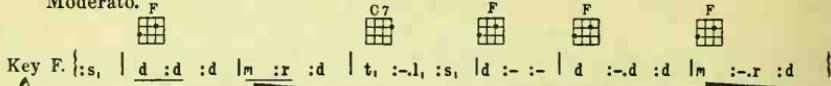






Widdicombe Fair.

Moderato. F



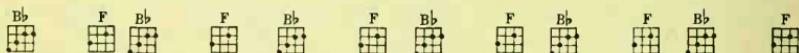
Key F. { s, | d : d : d | m : x : d | t, : - l, : s, | d : - : - | d : - d : d | m : - x : d |

Tom Pearse, Tom Pearse lend me your grey mare All a-long down a-long

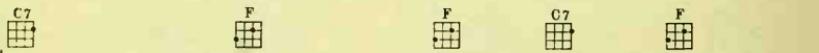


{ t, : - t, : d | r : s, . s, | d : - d : d | m : x : d | t, : - l, : s, | l, : s, . s, |

out a-long lee. For I want for to go to Widd-i-combe fair With Bill



Brew-er, Jan Stew-er, Pet-er Gur-ney, Pet-er Da-vy, Dan'l Whidd-en, Har-ry Hawk, Old



{ s, : - f : m | r : - d : t, | s : - : - | - : f | m : - f : m | r : - d : t, | d : - : - | - : |

Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.

The Roast Beef of Old England.

TUNE UKE.

Key C.

Key C. :s | d' :- .r' :d' | t :- .d' :r' | m' :d' :m' | r' :- .d' :t | d' :- .r' :d' | t :- .l :s |

1. When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food, It en-nob-led our hearts and en-

rich-ed our blood. Our soldiers were brave and our courtiers were good

O the roast beef of old England. And O for old England's roast beef.

2. Our fathers' of old, were robust, stout and strong,
And kept open house, with good cheer all day long,
Which made their plump tenants, rejoice in this song,
O the roast beef of old England, and O for old England's roast beef.
3. When good Queen Elizabeth, sat on the throne,
E're coffee or tea, or such slip slops were known,
The world was in terror, if e're she did frown,
O the roast beef of old England, and O for old England's roast beef.



The Ash Grove.

Key G. { :s₁ | d :m :s | m :d :d | r :f .m :r .d | t₁ :s₁ :s₁ | d :m .r :d .t₁ | }

{ 1. Down yon-der green val-ley where streamlets me - an-der When twi-light is
2. Still glows the bright sunshine o'er val-ley and mountain Still war-bles the

{ :s₁ | D7 G D7 G | :s₁ :d :t₁ | d : - :s₁ | d :m :s | m :d :d | A mi. | D7 | :s₁ :s₁ | }

fad-ing I pen-sive-ly rove, Or at the bright noontide in sol-i - tude wander A -

blackbird its notes from the tree, Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet, and fountain, But

{ d :m .r :d .t₁ | :s₁ | :f₁ :1₁ | s₁ :d :t₁ | d : - :m .f | s :m .f :s .1 | s :f :m | }

mid the dark shades of the lone-ly Ash Grove. 'Twas there while the blackbird was

what are the beauties of na-ture to me. With sor - row, deep sor - row, my

{ f :r .m :f .s | f :m :r | m :d .r :m .f | m :r :d | D7 A mi. D7 G | :s₁ : - :s₁ | d :m :s | }

cheerful - ly singing, I first met that dear one, the joy of my heart, A - round us for

bo - som is lad-er, All day I go mourn-ing in search of my love, Ye echoes oh

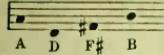
{ m :d :d | r :f .m :r .d | t₁ :s₁ :s₁ | d :m .r :d .t₁ | :s₁ | :f₁ :1₁ | s₁ :d :t₁ | d : - : | }

gladness the bluebells were springing Ah then lit - tie thought I, how soon we should part.

tell me, where is the sweet maiden, She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the Ash Grove.

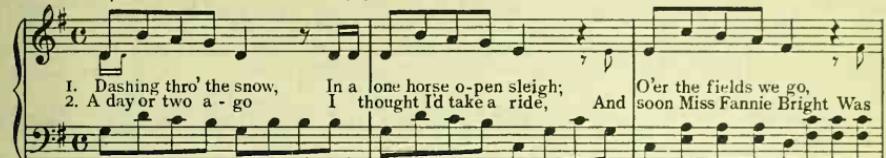
TUNE UKE.
Key G

Jingle Bells.



G
Allegro.

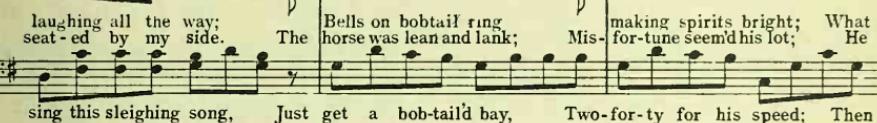
Key G. || s, (s), m : r . d | s, : s, (s), s, m : r . d | s, : (s,) | 1 . f : m . r | t, : (s,) |



3. Now the ground is white; Go it while you're young; Take the girls to-night, And

G
G

|| s . s : f . r | m : d . (s) | s, . m : r . d | s, : (s,) | s, . m : r . d | 1, : . 1, |



sing this sleighing song, Just get a bob-tail'd bay, Two-for-ty for his speed; Then

A mi
G
D7

|| 1, . f : m . r | s, . s : s . s | 1 . s : f . r | d : . | m . m : m | m . m : m |



hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, And crack you'll take the lead.

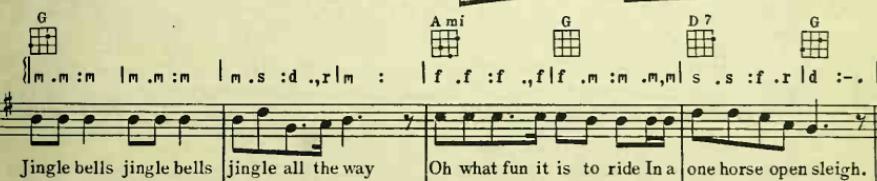
A mi
G
A 7
D7

|| m . s : d , , r | m : - . | f . f : f , , f | f . m : m . m , m | m . r : r . d | r , s : - |

jingle all the way Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one horse o-pen sleigh

G

|| m . m : m | m . m : m | m . s : d , , r | m : - . | f . f : f , , f | f . m : m . m , m | s . s : f . r | d : - . |



TUNE UKE. The Animals went in Two by Two.
Key mi.

TUNE UK. E.
Key mi.

Key m1.

Lah is G.:m1 | m1:m1:1:1,1:1:-:t1 | d:-:t1 | d:-:1:1 | s,:-:-1:-:m1 | s,:-:-1:-:m1 |

1. The an-i-mals went in two by two, Hur- rah! Hur- rah! The
 2. At last the flood was swept a-way, Hur- rah! Hur- rah! And

G mi. D7
 1m1:m1:1:1,1:1:-:t1 | d:-:t1 | d:-:r | m:-:-1:-:d | m:-:-1:-:d |

el - e-phant and the kang - a-roo, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! The
 Mrs. No - ah felt quite gay, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! The

G mi. F Bb D7
 1m1:m1:1m1:-:d | r:-:r | r:-:t1 | d:d:d | d:-:i1 | t1:-:t1 | t1:-:d | r |

an - i-mals went in two by two, The el - e-phant and the kang - a-roo, And they
 an - i-mals came out two by two, As they they were want-ed at the Zoo And they

cresc.

G mi. G mi. G mi. D7 G mi. G mi. D7 G mi.
 1m1:-:r:-:d | d:d:d | t1:-: | m1:m1:1:1,1:1:1 | :se1 | 1:-:t1 | d:-:r |

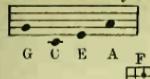
all went into the Ark for to get out of the rain, And they
 all skipp'd off - a - gain, Free from grief - and pain, And they

cresc.

G mi. D7 G mi. D7 G mi. G mi. D7 G mi.
 1m1:-:r:-:d | d:d:d | t1:-: | m1:m1:1:1,1:1:1 | :se1 | 1:-: - | - |

all went into the Ark for to get out of the rain -
 all skipp'd off - a - gain, Free from grief and pain -

The Poco's Daughter.



Key F. { :s | m :s, | d :s, | d :s, | m :s, | d :s, | d :s, | d :s, | d :m | s :f lr :r }

1. A po - co lived in Brighton Street, To get him bread and beef to eat, He would the verdant sell his coat, that
 2. Now to this po - co's shop one day, A when she saw The Soph-o-more did wend his way, To all too soon her
 3. The maid con - sent-ed, when she saw The po - co sleep-ing on the floor; But

F { :f | m :s, | d :m | r :d | t, :l | l, :- | s, | m :s, | d :s, | d :s, | d :s, }

C7 F G7 G7 C F

stu - dents cheat, Down by Charles Ri - ver's wa - ter. To keep his home - stead clean and neat, He
 he might pay His board - bill for the quar - ter. But when he saw the maid-en gay, Said
 bliss was o'er, For oh! he woke, and caught her. His hair stood up at the sight he saw, For

C7

F

E_b

C7

F

C7

F

{ :m :s, | d :s, | d :s, | d :m | s :f lr :t, | d,d:m,s | l :t | d,d:-d | t, :t, | d :- | d :- |

had a maid-en rare and sweet; She'd big black eyes and little white feet, Kat - ri-na the po - co's daugh-ter.
 he, "I love thee, charming fay! Then skip in - to my arms, I pray, Thou lovely po - co's daugh-ter.
 just be - hind the kitch-en door, There stood that wick-ed Soph-o - more, A - kissing of his daugh-ter.

CHORUS. B_b

F

C7

F

B_b

F

{ :d | l :1 | l :1 | s :s | s :m | f :f | f :r | m :f | s :- | s :- |

O Po - co, Po - co! keep thine eye On the dark-hair'd girl, for she is sly, Or

{ :l :1 | l :1 | l :1 | s :s | l :d :- | s :m :- | r :m | r :- | l :- |

you'll be sor - ry by and by, You ev - er had a daugh - ter.

4. For very wrath his nose grew blue,
 He did not know what he did do;
 But straightway seized the wicked two,
 The Sophy and his daughter.
 He sewed them up in meal-bags two,
 Which to the river's bank he drew,
 And then the naughty pair he threw
 Into Charles River's water.

CHO. O Poco bold! thou didst anni -
 Hilate the maid, and she did die;
 And you were sorry, by and by,
 You ever had a daughter.

5. Long years have fled, but still at night,
 O'er Brighton Street a ghost in white,
 An airy Sophomoric sprite,
 Doth seek his Pocorina.
 And when, alone, at dead of night,
 You come from Carl's, a little tight,
 You'll see him in the pale moon-light,
 A kissing of Katrina.

CHO. O Poco bold! thou didst anni -
 Hilate the maid, and she did die;
 But still o'er Harvard Square doth fly
 The spirit of Katrina.

Key F.
TUNE UKEIn Sheltered Vale.
(The Mill Wheel)

Key F:s,

In shel - ter'd vale the mill — wheel Still sings its bu - sy
 A ring in pledge she gave — me While vows of love she
 I fain would be a min - strel And wan - der far a -

lay; — — — — — My dar - ling once did dwell — there, She
 spoke, — — — — — Those vows were soon for - got - ten, My
 way. — — — — — In ev - 'ry house be - wel - come, And

now is far a - way, — — — — — My dar - ling once did
 ring as - un - der broke, — — — — — Those vows were soon for -
 sing the live long day, — — — — — ev - 'ry house be

dwell — — — — — there she now — is far a - way.
 - got - - - - ten my ring — as un - der broke.
 wel - - - - come and sing — the live long day.

Repeat 3 Times.

4. But while I hear that mill — wheel, my grief will nev — er


 F C7 F C7 F B \flat
 { d : - : d | x : d : x | m : - : - : - : m | r : - : x | r : m : f | s : - : d' | - : 1 : f }

there a - lone is peace, — I would the grave would hide — me, For

rit.

Solomon Levi.



Allegretto.

Key B \flat : | s₁ :- : s₁ | s₁ : s₁ : s₁ | s₁ :- : s₁ | m₁ :- : s₁, | l₁ :- : l₁ | l₁ :- : l₁ | l₁ :- : l₁ | : : l₁ }

1. My name is Sol-o-mon Le - vi at my store in Ox - ford street, That's

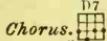


where you'll buy your coats and vests and ev - 'ry-thing that's neat. I've

se - cond hand - ed ul - ster-etts and ev - 'ry-thing that's fine For



all the boys they buy from me at a hundred and thir - ty nine.



Chorus.

f O Sol-o-mon Le - vi Le - vi tra la la la!

C7 F7 C7 F7
 ||r :- :- |l, :l, :l, | t, :- :- | s, :- :- | r :m :r | d :- t, :l, | s, :l, :s, | f, :r, :s, ||
 Poor Sol-o-mon Le - vi Tra la la la la la la la la. My

Bb Eb
 ||s, :- :s, | s, :s, :s, | s, :- :s, | m, :- :s, | l, :- :l, | l, :- :l, | l, :- :- | : :l, |
 name is Sol-o-mon Le - vi at my store in Ox - ford Street That's

F7 Bb
 ||t, :- :t, | t, :- :t, | t, :- :l, | l, :s, :s, | s, :- :m | s, :- :- | : :|
 where you'll buy your coats and vests and ev'-ry-thing else that's neat

Eb
 ||s, :- :s, | s, :- :s, | s, :- :s, | l, :l, :l, | l, :- :l, | l, :- :- | : :|
 Se - cond hand-ed ul - ster-ettes and ev'-ry-thing else that's fine f For

F7 Bb
 ||t, :- :t, | t, :- :t, | t, :- :t, | t, :- :l, | s, :s, :s, | l, :- :t, | d, :- :- | : :||
 all the boys they buy from me at a hundred and thir - ty nine.

2. And if a cadger comes along
 To my store in Oxford Street
 And tries to hang me up for coats
 And vests so very neat.
 I kicks the cadger right out of my store
 And on him set my pup,
 For I wont sell clothing to any man
 Who tries to hold me up. *Chorus.*



Mush, Mush.

Andante.

G

Key G. :s1 .s1 | d :d :d | d :r :-.d | t1 :s1 :-. | - :-. :s1 :s1 :s1 | f :f :-.f |

D7

I. Oh was there I learned ra-din' an' wri-tin' — At Bil-ly Brackett's where

G

I wint to school — And was there I learned howl-in' and

A.m.

G

D7

G

fight-in', Wid me school-mas-ter, Mis-ther O' Toole —

D7

— Him an' me we had mo-ny a scrim-mage — On

G

div-il a co-py I wrote — There was neir a gos-

Am. 5

soon in the vil - - - - - dared tread on the tail o' me

Chorus. G D7

Mush, mush, mush, tu - ral - i - a - dy! Sing, mush, mush, mush,

G

tu - ral - i - a! There was neir a gos - soon in the

Am. G D7 G

vil - lage Dared tread on the tail o' me coat!

2.

Oh! 'twas there that I learned all me courtin'
O the lissons I tuck in the art!
Till Cupid, the blackguard while sportin'
An arrow dhruv straight thro' me heart
Miss Judy O'Connor, she lived jist forninst me,
An' tinder lines to her I wrote
If ye dare say wan hard word agin her
I'll tread on the tail o' yer— *Chorus.*

3-

But a blackguard called Mickey Maloney,
Came and sthole her affections away,
Fur he'd money and I hadn't ony,
So I sint him a challenge nixt day.
In the ayenui we met at the Woodbine,
The Shannon we crossed in a boat,
An' I lathered him wid me shillaly
Fur he trod on the tail o' me—*Chorus*

4.

Oh, me fame went abroad through the nation,
And folks come a flockin' to see,
And they cried out, widout hesitation
"You're a fightin' man Billy McGhee!"
Oh, I've claned out the Finnigan faction,
And I've licked all the Murphys afloat,
If you're in for a row or a raction
Jist ye tread on the tail o me— *Chorus.*



Simon the Cellarer.

A D F# B

Allegretto.  

Key D: | s | d' - - t : 1 | s : m : f | s : d : r | m : - : s | d' : - : t : 1 | m : : f e | s : - : - l : - : s }

I. Old Si-mon the cel-lar-er keeps a large store Of Malmsey and Mal-voi-sie, — And

| 1 : - . se 1 | l' : - . de l' : | s : - . fe s | l'd : - : s . s | s : - . f m | f : - : f | f : - : l m : - : m }

Cy-prus and who can say how ma-ny more, For a cha-ry old soul is he, — A

| r : s : 1 | l t : d' : 1 | s : - : - l : - : s | s : 1 : t : 1 | l d : m : s | l : s : f e | s : - : s }

cha-ry old soul is he; — Of Sack and Ca-na-ry he nev-er doth fail, And

| t : s : s | d' : s : s | f : m : f | m : - : m | m : m : m | s f : m : m | m : m : m | l : - : 1 . 1 }

ad lib.

all the year round there is brewing of ale, Yet he never ail-eth, he quaintly doth say, While he

colla voce

| l : - . se : 1 | f : m : r | d : r : t : l | l : - : s | d' : m | l : : r | s : - : d | f : - : r | m : - : f : s | l : t : d' }

keeps to his sober six flagons a day. But Ho! Ho! Ho! his nose doth shew, How oft the black Jack to his
a tempo
         

mf : r ld:- s | d': : m l : r | s :- d lf:- r | m:- f : s | l : t : d' | mf : r ld:- ||

lip doth go. But Ho! Ho! Ho! his nose doth shew, How oft the black Jack to his lip doth go.

2. Dame Margery sits in her own still room,
And a matron sage is she,
From thence, oft at Curfew, is wafted a fume,
She says it is Rosemarie.
But there's a small cupboard behind the back stair,
And the maids say they often see Margery there;
Now Margery says that she grows very old
And must take a something to keep out the cold.
But ho! ho! ho! old Simon doth know,
Where many a flask of his best doth go.

3. Old Simon reclines in his high-back'd chair,
And talks about taking a wife;
And Margery often is heard to declare,
She ought to be settled in life.
But Margery has (so the maids say) a tongue,
And she's not very handsome, and not very young,
So somehow it ends with a shake of the head,
And Simon he brews him a tankard instead.
While ho! ho! ho! he will chuckle and crow—
What? marry old Margery? no! no! no!

TUNE UKE.
Key G.

Are You Sleeping?

(A Round)

Moderato. G G

Two beats in a bar.

Key G: | d : r | m : d | d : r | m : d | m : f | s : - | m : f |

Are you sleep-ing, Are you sleep-ing, Bro-ther John, Bro-ther

mf

| s : - | s . 1 : s . f | m : d | s . 1 : s . f | m : d | d : s , | d : - | d : s , | d : - |

D7 G D7 G

John? Morning bells are ringing, Morning bells are ringing, Ding ding dong, ding ding dong.

Note. As the pianist reaches (2) the second singer or singers commence at Bar 1, and as the pianist reaches (3) the third singer commences at Bar 1 and so on, each singer singing the Round throughout and repeating as desired.



Landlord, fill the flowing Bowl.

Allegro con moto.

Chorus.

Key G. { d . s₁ : l₁ . s₁ | d . d : d . t₁ , d | r . r : r . s | m : d . m . r }

mf Come land-lord fill the flowing bowl Un - til it doth run o - ver Come

Verse.

merry merry be, For to-night we'll merry merry be, For to-night we'll merry merry be, To-

-mor-row we'll be so - ber. *mf* The man who drink-eth small beer, And goes to bed quite

so - ber, The man who drinketh small beer, And goes to bed quite so - ber, Fades as the

Commence and finish with Chorus, also between Verses.

Ami. B7 G G Ami. D7 G 61

leaves do fade, Fades as the leaves do fade, Fades as the leaves do fade That drop off in Oc-to-ber.

2. The man who drinketh strong beer,
And goes to bed right mellow,
Lives as he ought to live,
And dies a jolly good fellow.

3. But he who drinks just what he likes,
And getteth half seas over
Will live until he dies perhaps,
And then lie down in clover.

4. The man who kisses a pretty girl,
And goes and tells his mother,
Ought to have his lips cut off,
And never kiss another.

TUNE UKE.
Key C.

Three Fishers went Sailing.

men must work, and wo-men must weep, And there's lit - tle to earn and
 men must work, and wo-men must weep, Tho' the storms be sud-den, and
 men must work, and wo-men must weep, And the soon-er its o - ver, the

The Village Blacksmith.

The Village Blacksmith.

Key C

G C E A

G7 G F F C G7

Un - der a spreading chest - nut tree, The vil - lage smithy stands; The

C G7 C D7 G7 Ami. D7 G7 C7 C C7

smith a migh - ty man is he, With large and sinewy hands And the muscles of his

F D7 D7 G7 C G7 C G7 Ami. D7 G7 C

brown - y arms Are strong as i - ron bands. His hair is crisp and black, and long, His

Ami. G7 C G7 C G7 Ami. D7 G7 C

face is like the tan; His brow is wet with honest sweat, He earn - what - e'er he

F G7 C G7 C E7 Ami. D7 C G7

can, And looks the whole world in the face, For he owes not an - y

C F C G7 C F C G7 C

man. —

Week

G7 D7 E mi. B7 E7
 |:s :s lt :s |r :.-.1 |1 :s .fe m :.-.m |s :m |t :.-.1 :.-.1 :t |se m :.-.m |s :s :|
 goes on Sun-day to the Church and sits a-mong his boys He hears the parson
 pp
 A E7 A B7 E7 B7
 |1 :1 ls :.-.s |1 :.-.1 lt :t |d' :.-.ls :.-.s .s :s .s |m :m |r :.-.ld :d |
 pray and preach, He hears his daugh-ter's voice singing in the vil-lage choir, and it
 A E7 B7 E mi. Ami. D7
 |1 :1 ls :m |r :.-.1 :m |m :.-.m |m :m |f .f :.-.1 f :.-.r :x.r |s :.-.f |
 makes his heart re-joice it sounds to him like her mother's voice sing-ing in par-a-
 G7 B7 E mi. D7 B7
 |m :.-.1 :m |r :.-.1 :m |d :.-.d |t :1 |t :.-.t |f :.-.f |m :.-.1 :m |
 dise He needs must think of her once more How in the grave she lies, and
 G7 Ami. G7 D7 G7 C G7 C
 |s :s ls :.-.m |s :f |m :r |d :.-.d |m :.-.r |d :1 | : |m :1 :t :t |d' :1 |
 with his hard rough hands he wipes a tear out of his eyes f Toil-ing re-joicing
 G7 Ami. G7 C G7 C G7
 |se :.-.m |m :.-.d' :1 |1 |r' :d' |t :.-.1 :t |d' :.-.d' |t :d' |r' :.-.s |s :se |
 sor-row-ing Onward thro' life he goes Each morn-ing see some task be-gun, Each

1 : r is : - d 1 : - lt : t , t | d' : d' | r' : m' | m : - | - : 1 | s : d' | m' : - . x |

eve-ning sees its close, some-thing at- tempt-ed something done Has earned a nights re-
pose.

Tune Uke Key F.

The Drunken Sailor.

Allegro

Key F.

G C E A

I. What shall we do with a drunk-en sail - or What shall we do with a drunk-en sail - or

What shall we do with a drunk-en sail - or Ear - ly in the morn - ing.

ff Ay' Ay' up she ri-ses Ay' Ay' up she ri-ses Ay' Ay' up sheri-ses ear-ly in the morn-ing.

2.

Put his head in a water barrel,
Put his head in a water barrel,
Put his head in a water barrel,
Early in the morning.
Ay' Ay' up etc.

3.

Stop his leave until he's sober
Stop his leave until he's sober
Stop his leave until he's sober
Early in the morning.
Ay' Ay' up etc.

4.

Take his boots off till he's sober
Take his boots off till he's sober
Take his boots off till he's sober
Early in the morning.
Ay' Ay' up etc.

5.

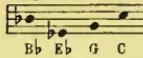
Clink him now until he's sober
Clink him now until he's sober
Clink him now until he's sober
Early in the morning.
Ay' Ay' up etc.

6.

Thrash him well, and make him sober
Thrash him well, and make him sober
Thrash him well, and make him sober
Early in the morning.
Ay' Ay' up etc.

7.

That's what to do with a drunken sailor
That's what to do with a drunken sailor
That's what to do with a drunken sailor
Early in the morning.
Ay' Ay' up etc.



Jessie's Dream.

Moderato.

Key Bb. { | s, :-l, | s, :d | r :d | l, :d | s, :-l, | s, :d | r :-m | r :s | m, :-f, | s, :d | }

1. Far a-wa' tae bon-nie Scotland Has my spi-rit ta'en its flight, An' I saw my
 2. sure-ly I'm no wild-ly dreamin' For I hear it plain-ly now, Ye can-not, ye
 3. near-er still, 'an near-er still, 'An' now a-gain'tis "Auld Lang Syne" It's kind-ly notes like

{ | r :d | l, :d | s, :-l, | s, :m | r :-d | d :d | d :-t, | l, :t, | s, :m, | m, :m, | }

Mi-ther spin-nin' In our High-land hame at night; I saw the kye a brows-ing My
 nev-er heard it On the far off moun-tain's brow; For in your souther- child-hood, Ye were
 life bluid rin, Rin through this puir sad heart o' mine; Oh! led- dy din-na swoon a-wa! Look

{ | l, :-l, | t, :-t, | d :-l, | :l, :l, | d :d | l, m, :t, | r :-d | d :t, | d :-l, | t, :d | l, :-l, | s, | }

Father at the plough, And the grand auld hills a-boon them a', Wad I could see them now! Oh!
 nour-ish'd saft and warm, Nor watch'd up-on the cauld hill-side The ri - sin' o' the storm- Ay!
 up! the e-vil's past, They're com-in' now to dee wi' us, Or save us at the last - Then

{ | m, :s, | s, :-s, | t, :-l, | l, :l, | s, :m | r :d | r, :-r | r, :-r | r, :r | }

pp led-dy while up-on your knees Ye held my sleep-in' head, I saw the lit-tle
 now the sol-diers hear it, An' an-swer with a cheer, As "The Camp-bells are a-
 let us hum-bly, thank-ful-ly, Down on our knees and pray, For those who come thro'

{ | m, :r, | r :d | t, :-r | l, :-t, | s, :-f, | f, | m, :-f, | s, :s, | l, :d | d :l, | s, :d | f :m | }

Kirk at hame, Where Tam and I were wed; I heard the tune the pi-pers play'd, I kenn'd its rise and
 - com - in', Falls on each anxious ear. The cannon's roar'd their thunder, And the sappers work in
 bluid and fire, To re-scue us this day. That He may o'er them spread His shield, Stretch forth His arm and

F⁷ B^b E^b B^b B^b E⁷ B^b B^b

fa' 'Twas the wild Mac-gre-gor's slo-gan— 'Tis the grand-est o' them a'. 2. Hark!
vain, For high a-boon the din o' war-Re - sounds the wel-come strain 3. An'
save. Bold Have-lock and his High-landers, The brav-est o' the brave.

TUNE UKE.

Key C.

G C E A

Wait for the Waggon.

Moderato.

C

G⁷

C

Key C. { s . s | d' . d' : d . d | m . s : s . s | s . i : f . s | m . s . s }

1. Will you come with me my Phyl-lis dear; To yon blue moun-tains free. Where the
2. Where the ri - ver runs like sil - ver And the birds they sing so sweet I

F

G⁷

C

blos-soms smell the sweetest Come go a-long with me Its ev -'ry Sun-day morning When
have a Cab-in Phyl-lis And something good to eat Do lis -ten to my sto -ry It

G⁷

C

F

G⁷

C

I am by your side We'll jump in - to the wag - gon And all take a ride.
will re-lieve my heart So jump in - to the wag - gon And off we will start.

Chorus.

E⁷

F

C

F

G⁷

C

{ d' : d , , d | m . s : | m' : m' . r | d' . l : | d' : d . d | m . s : s . , s | 1 : t , , t | d' : ||

Wait for the waggon, Wait for the waggon, Wait for the waggon And we'll all take a ride.

Caller Herrin'.

B_b E_b G C E_b B_b7 E_b E_b7 F₇ B_b7 E_b B_b7 E_b
 Key Eb. | d ,d :d .d | t₁ :d .r | m .l₁ :r ,d | t₁ .s₁ :l₁ .t₁ | d d :d .d | t₁ :d .r |

Wh'll buy cal-ler her-rin' They're bon-nie fish and halesome far-in' Buy my cal-ler her - rin' New
 E_b B_b7 E_b B_b7 E_b B_b7 E_b
 m .f :r ,m ld | d' t .l :s .f | m .r :d .d' t .l :s .f | m .r :d .d' |

Verse 1. When ye were sleeping on your pil-lows Dreamt ye ought o' our puir fel-lows
 drawn frae the Forth | A' When ye were sleeping on your pil-lows Dreamt ye ought o' our puir fel-lows
 B_b7 E_b A_b E_b F₇ F₇ B_b7 B_b7 E_b B_b7 E_b
 t .l :s .f | m .f :s | l .l₁ :r .d | t₁ .s₁ :l₁ .t₁ | d ,d :d .d | t₁ :d .r |
 rall. a tempo. |

Dark-ling as they faced the bil-lows A' to fill our wo-ven wil-lows Chorus.
 Buy my cal-ler her - rin' They're

E_b F₇ B_b7 E_b B_b7 E_b E_b B_b7 E_b
 m .l₁ :r ,d | t₁ .s₁ :l₁ .t₁ | d ,d :d .d | t₁ :d .r | m .f :r ,m ld . |

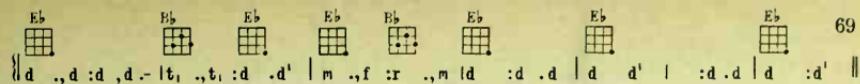
bon-nie fish and hale-some far-in' Buy my cal-ler her - rin' New drawn frae the Forth.
 E_b B_b7 E_b A_b B_b7 B_b7 E_b
 :s | d' ,d :d .d' | t :d' .t | l .s :f .m | r .m :f .f | s ,s :s .s | lfe :s .1 |

Verse 4. Wh'll buy my cal-ler her-rin' They're no brought there without brave dar-in' Buy my cal-ler her - rin' Ye
 B_b7 F₇ B_b7 F_m. E_b F_m. F₇ F₇ B_b7 B_b7
 t ,d :l ,s | s :m | f ,f :f .f | m :f .s | l .l₁ :r ,d | t₁ .s₁ :l₁ .t₁ |

lit - tie ken there worth, Wh'll buy my cal-ler her - rin' O ye may ca' them vulgar far-in'

Commence Verses 2 & 3 at Fifth Bar.

Finish Verse 4 without Chorus.



Wives and mithers maist despair-in' Ca' them lives o' men, cal-ler her in', cal-ler her in'.

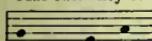
2. And when the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies clad in silk and laces
Gather in their braw pelises,
Toss their heads and screw their faces.

3. Noo neebour wives come tent my tellin'
When the bonnie fish you're sellin'
At a word aye be your dealin';
Truth will stand when a things failin'

Chorus

Chorus

Tune Uke. Key F.



G C E A

The Toast Song.

Key F. F F Bb F C7 C7

1. Here's a toast my trus-ty friend, Here's my hand round life's rough bend

F F Bb F C7 F

fill up drink this sparkling glass For our lives will soon be past.

m :s ls :s m :s ls :d :t l :s l :s :f :m l :-

Help each oth-er in the fight Striv-ing al-way for the right

F Bb F Bb F C7 F

Man to man should brothers be Shout a-loud*cheers one two three.

2. Toast this life with happy song
Drink to those now dead and gone
Fill our lives with joy today
O'er the earth shine friendships ray.

3. Here's a toast for Liberty
Peace until Eternity
Toast in all Sincerity,
Toast for all Humanity.

I am a Friar of Orders Grey.



Con spirito.

Key D. :s | d' : - : d' | d' : t : d' | r' : - : s | d' : - : t | d' : t : 1 | s : f : m | r : - : d | t : - : r }

1. I am a Friar of Or-der's grey, And down the val-leys I take my way, I

s : 1 : s | s : 1 : s | s : 1 : t | d' : - : 1 | 1 : - : 1 | 1 : t : 1 | 1 : t : de | r' : - : r' }

pull not blackber-ry haw nor hip Good store of venson does fill my scrip, My

d' : 1 : d' | t : s : t | 1 : fe : r | s : - : r' | d' : 1 : d' | t : s : t | 1 : fe : r | s : - : t' }

long head roll I mer-ri-ly chant Where- ev-er I go no money I want Where-

d : r : m | r : - : t | 1 : s : fe | s : - : t | d' : r' : m' | r' : - : t | 1 : s : z | s : - : s }

Sym.

ever I go no money I want And

mf

s : 1 : t | d' : - : d.d | d : m : fe | s : - : se | 1 : - : t : d' | t : - : m.m | m : - : ba : se | 1 : - : m.m }

why I'm so plump the reason I'll tell Who leads a good life is sure to live well, Who

largamente.

leads a good life is sure to live well — What ba - ron or squire or

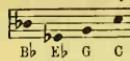
knight of the shire Lives half so well as the ho - ly friar Lives half so well half so well Lives

half so well as a ho - ly friar as a ho - - -

ly friar, a ho - - -

ly friar Lives half so well as a ho - ly friar.

2. Then after supper of Heav'n I dream,
 But that is fat pullets, and clouted cream
 Myself by denial, I fortify,
 With a good dainty bit of warden pie,
 I'm cloth'd in sack cloth for my sin,
 With old sack wine I'm lined within,
 A chirping cup is my matin song,
 And the vesper bell, is my bowl ding dong.



Ye Mariners of England.

Marcia.

Key B_b. :s₁ | s₁ :-d | d :d | d :- | m :m | r :d | t₁ :d | r :- | - :s₁ }

Ye Ma - ri-ners of Eng - land That guard our na-tive seas, Whose

flag has brav'd a thousand years The bat-tle and the breeze, Your glo-ri-ous standard

s₁ :-t₁ | t₁ :-r | r :-f | f :f | m :r | d :r | m :- | - :m | l₁ :-l₁ | l₁ :r }s₁ :-s₁ | s₁ :d | f₁ :-f₁ | f₁ :s₁ | m₁ :- | - :m₁ | f₁ :s₁ | l₁ :t₁ | d :-d | t₁ :l₁ }

launch a-gain To match an-o - ther foe, Your glo-ri-ous stan-dard launch a gain To

r :-d | t₁ :l₁ | s₁ :- | - :s₁ | s₁ :- | - :d | t₁ | d :- | - :d | r }

match an-o - ther foe And sweep thro' the deep While the

r :-d | t₁ :l₁ | s₁ :- | - :s₁ | s₁ :- | - :d | t₁ | d :- | - :d | r }r :-d | t₁ :l₁ | s₁ :- | - :s₁ | s₁ :- | - :d | t₁ | d :- | - :d | r }

Chorus.

m :m | r :d | r :- | - :s₁ | s₁ :- | - :t₁ | d | r :- | - :r ,m }

stor-my winds do blow, And sweep thro' the deep While the

r :-d | t₁ :l₁ | s₁ :- | - :s₁ | s₁ :- | - :d | t₁ | d :- | - :d | r }f :f | m :r | m :- | - :t₁ | d :s₁ | d :t₁ | l₁ :-s₁ | l₁ :r | ,d | r :l₁ | r :d }

stor-my winds do blow While the bat-tle ra-ges loud and long, While the bat-tle ra-ges

r :-d | t₁ :l₁ | s₁ :- | - :s₁ | s₁ :- | - :d | t₁ | d :- | - :d | r }

loud and long And the stor - my winds do blow, And the stormy winds do blow.

2. The spirits of your fathers,
Shall start from every wave,
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow,
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

3. Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep,
Her march is on the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow,
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

4. The meteor flag of England,
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return,
When then, ye ocean warriors,
Our song, and feast shall flow,
To the fame, of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow,
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

TUNE UKE. Key F.

Oh! why left I my Hame?

Key F. {d .l | s .,l :d .,x | d :.x,m | f .x :m .d | l :d .l | s .,l :d .,x | d :m .s }

Oh! why left I my hame? why did I cross the deep? Oh! why left I the land where my

fore - fa - thers sleep! I sigh for Sco - tia's shore, and I gaze a - cross the sea, But I

can - na get a blink o' my ain coun - tries.

2. The palm tree waveth high, and fair the myrtle springs
And to the Indian maid the bulbul sweetly sings;
But I dinna see the broom wi' its tassels on the lee
Nor hear the lintie's sangs o' my ain countrie.

3. Oh! here no Sabbath bell awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor song of reapers heard among the yellow corn,
For the tyrant's voice is here and the wall of slaverie,
But the sun of freedom shines in my ain countrie.

4. There's a hope for every woe and a balm for every pain,
But the first joys of one heart come never back again:
There's a track upon the deep, and a path across the sea
But the weary ne'er return to their ain countrie.



The Road to the Isles.

(Arise, Britons Rise.)

Words by
THOM. B. SHAW.Adapted and Harmonised by
THOM. B. SHAW.

With bold marching rhythm.

Key A. { :s₁ ,d || m :- Is ,m :r ,m | d ,r :d ,t₁ | l₁ :d ,t₁ }

f A - risc Eng-land with old Ire - land, Scot-land, Wales U -

|| t₁ ,f₁ :l₁ ,t₁ | d ,r :m ,s | r :- | - :s₁ ,d | m :- Is ,m :r ,m }

-nite to-gether u - ni-ty is might *mf* We will speed Now with-in Bri-tain's ship and

|| d ,r :d ,t₁ | l₁ :f | m ,s :m ,d | s₁ ,t₁ :r ,t₁ | d :- | - :m .f ||

rig it with new sails To float a-cross the sea and do the right So with

Brit-ish peaceful strand

Chorus.

{ :s₁ ,s₁ :s₁ ,s₁ | m ,s₁ :s₁ ,s₁ | d ,r :d ,t₁ | l₁ :d ,t₁ | l₁ ,f₁ :l₁ ,t₁ | d ,r :m ,s }

work-ers toil-ing on the land and sail-ors on the sea We'll strive for freedom home and li-ber-

crescendo

E7 A D E7

{ :r :- | - :m ,f | s ,s₁ :s₁ ,s₁ | m ,s₁ :s₁ ,s₁ | d ,r :d ,t₁ | l₁ :f }

- ty All hail ye toil-ing masses shout and march un-til you're free We'll

live with Bri-tish hope and loy - al - ty A - rise Eng-land with old

Ire - land Scotland Wales We'll live with Bri-tish hope and loy - al - ty.

D.C.

Our people have travelled far in foreign lands
 And have helped the cause of all humanity
 Now within our own British peaceful strands
 We'll build a nation without vanity.

Chorus.

TUNE UKE.
 Key D.

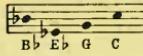
29 Bottles.

Key D. | d : d : d : | m . s : - | r , , r : r , , m | d : | m , , m : m | m . s : - | f , , m : f , , s | m : }

Twen-ty nine bottles hanging on a tree
 Twen-ty eight bottles hanging on a tree
 Take one a-way from them all
 Take one a-way from them all

Twen-ty nine bottles hanging on a tree
 Twen-ty eight bottles hanging on a tree
 Twen-ty eight bottles hanging on a tree
 Twen-ty seven bottles hang-ing on a tree.

Each verse one bottle less, until end.



Eileen O' Grady.

Bb E^b Bb E^b E^b
 {s₁ s₁ | s₁ :m₁ :s₁ | d :t₁ :l₁ | s₁ :m₁ :s₁ | d :s₁ :d | d :l₁ :d | r :d :r }
 There's a sweet lit-tle la - dy named Eil-een O' Gra-dy I wish I could call her my
 Now Eil-een said "No sir! with you I shan't go sir, Don't think it un - grateful of
 When at last she con - sent-ed I felt quite con - tent-ed For me 'twas a moment of
 D7 Gmi.
 {m : - : - | - : :m . m | m :l₁ :l₁ | l₁ :t₁ :d | m :l₁ :l₁ | l₁ :b₁ :d }
 own _____ Shure I won't be con - tent-ed till she has con - sent-ed To
 me _____ Shure I'd ra - ther be walkin' than have peo-ple talk-in' You
 bliss _____ As we drove thro' Kil lar ney with out a ny blar ney From
 C7 F7 Bb Eb
 {r :m :r | d :t₁ :l₁ | s₁ : - : - | - : :s₁ | s₁ :m₁ :s₁ | d :t₁ :l₁ }
 be Mis-tress Bar-ne-y Ma - lone. I first met this treasure out
 know what a sto - ry 'twould be! I then whispered "Jew-el, ah
 Eil-een I stole a sweet kiss. We both sat to - geth-er like
 Bb Bb E^b F7 D7 Gmi.
 {s₁ :m₁ :s₁ | d :s₁ :d | d :l₁ :d | r :d :r | m : - : - | - : :m | m :l₁ :l₁ }
 walking at leisure A lone on a bright summer's day With out a - ny
 don't be so cru-el To treat me like this is a shame Give o-ver your
 birds of a feather Well whisper I'll tell what was said She promised, be-

1, : t, : d | m, : 1, : 1, | 1, : t, : d | r, : m, : r | d, : t, : 1, | s, : - : - : - : |
 warning the top of the morning I just said to her right a - way.
 blarney an' come widyer Barney Now don't have me pleading in vain?
 gor-rah to share joy and sor-row So to her I'll sing when we're wed.

CHORUS.

Bb | 1, : - : | s, : - : | d, : r, : m | r, : - : d | m, : d, : t, | 1, : - : s, | d, : - : - |
 "Come, come beauti-ful Eil - een Out for a drive with me

Bb | Bb | Bb | F7 |
 - : - : | m, : f, : fe, | s, : s, : s, | s, : d, : r | m, : - : d | r, : r, : r | r, : de, : r |
 O-ver the mountain and down by the foun - tain Home thro' the val-ley, dear,

Bb | Eb | Bb |
 m, : d, : t, | 1, : - : s, | m, : f, : fe, | s, : - : - | s, : d, : r | m, : m, : f | s, : - : m |
 won't it be love - ly Don't be un - kind, make up your mind On a drive to

Eb | Bb | F7 | Eb | Bb |
 r, : - : d | f, : - : - | : s, f | m, : d, : m | r, : t, : r | d, : t, : 1, | s, : m, : s, |
 Cas - tle - bar, To the road I'm no stranger, for you there's no danger, So

F7 | Bb | Eb | Bb |
 d, : d, : d | r, : s, : f | m, : d, : d | d, : - | : : | : : | : : | : |
 hop like a bird on me ould jaunting car'

TUNE UKE
Key G.

Dem Golden Slippers.

Allegro molto.

2 beats in a bar

G

G D7

Key G. :d.r | m :m | m.r :d.r | m :m | m :d.r | m :m .m | m.r :m.f | m.r | r :t,d

1. Oh my golden slippers am laid a-way Cause I don't spect to wear em till my wedding day An' my

f

G

| r :r | r :t,d | r :r | r :t,d | r .r :f.f | m.m :r.r | d : - | - :d.r

long tail'd coat dat I loved so well I will wear up in de chariot in de morn? And my

D7

| m :m | m.r :d.r | m :m | m :d.r | m.m :m.m | m.r :m .f | m.r | r :t,d

long white robe dat I bought last June I'm gwine to get changed cause it fits too soon And de

G

| r :r | r :t,d | r :r | r :t,d | r .r :f.f | m.m :r.r | d : - | - : |

old grey hoss dat I used to drive I will hitch him to de chariot in de morn.

Chorus.

|| s, :- .d | m .r :d ,s, .- | 1, :- .r | f .m :r ,d .- |

Oh, dem gold-en slippers

D7

|| t, .t, :t, ,t, .- ,d | r .r :r ,t, | d ,t, :d .r | m :- |

gold-en slippers I'se gwine to wear be-cause dey look so neat

G

|| s, :- .d | m .r :d ,s, .- | 1, :- .r | f .m :r ,d .- |

Oh, dem gold-en slippers

D7

|| t, .t, :t, ,t, .- ,d | r .r :f , ,f | m ,f :m .r | d :- ||

gold-en slippers I'se gwine to wear to walk the gold-en street.

2. Oh my old banjo, hangs on de wall,
 Cause it aint been tuned, since, way last fall
 But the darks all say, we will hab a good time,
 When we ride up in de chariot in de morn.
 Dar's old brudder Ben and sister Luce,
 They will Telegraph the news to Uncle Bacco Juce
 What a great camp meetin' der will be dat day
 When we ride up in de chariot in de morn. *Chorus.*

3. Som its goodbye children, I will have to go,
 Whar de rain don't fall, or de wind don't blow,
 And yer Ulster coats, why yer will not heed,
 When yer ride up in de chariot in de morn.
 But de golden slippers must be neat and clean,
 And yer age, must be just sweet sixteen,
 And yer white kid gloves, ye will have to wear
 When yer ride up in de chariot in de morn. *Chorus.*



When the Heart is Young.

Allegro vivace.

Key C. { d | t, l - : f, ., l | s : s . d' | t : - . l | s : . s | d' , d' : t , , l | s : l . s }

Oh! mer-ry goes the time when the heart is young There's nought too high to climb when the

{ D7 | G7 | C | F | G7 | C | A7 }

t : - . l | s : . s | s , s : s . s | l | t , , t : l . s | d' : de . de }

heart is young A spi - rit of de-light spat-ters ro - ses in her flight And there's

{ G7 | A7 | G7 | D7 | G7 | C | A#dim. | G7 | D7 | G7 }

||: l . s : m . d | l . t . d | d : . t . d | r : - . d | d : - | f : re | m : r | l d : . t a , }

rall. ma-gic in the night when the heart, the heart is young But

{ E7 | G7 | F | E7 | F | E7 | C#dim. | B7 | E7 }

||: l . - . l | d : t a , | l . - | l . : l | f . - | s . - | l . - | : de | m : - . m | l . : t | de : - | - : m , , m }

wea - ry go the feet when the heart is old; Time com - eth not so sweet when the

{ B7 | Emi. | Dmi | F | G7 | C | G7 | F | Fmi. }

||: m : r | l d : t | l . - | : m | f : l | r : - . r | s : - | - : s , s | d' : d' | f : - . f }

heart is old From all that smiled and shone There is something lost and

(UKE
TACET)
Sym.

Lento.

gone And our friends are few or none when the heart, the heart is old.

Vivace.

Oh! spark-ling are the skies when the

heart is young There's bliss in beauty's eyes when the heart is young The gold-en break of day Brings

glad-ness in its ray And ev'-ry month is May when the heart, the heart is young

But the sun is set-ting fast when the heart is old And the

sky is o - ver - cast when the heart, the heart is old Life's

F Fm.i. G7 F Fm.i. C G7 C7 F
 { f :.1 | r :.r : | s : - | - :s | d :d : - | d :f | m : - | - :r ,r | s :s | la :la }
 worn and weary barque *mf* Lies tossing wild and dark *p* And the star hath left hope's

D7 G D7 G7 Tempo G G7
 { d : - | - :r .d | m : ,d | r : - .d | t , : - | :s ,s | d : - .s | f :1 }
 Ark when the heart, the heart is old *maestoso* Yet an angel from its

C G7 C G7 C G7 C D7 C A7
 { s : - | - :s ,d | t : - | - :1 | s : - | :1 ,s | d : ,d :t .1 | s :1 .s }
 sphere thought the heart be old Whispers comfort in our ear tho' the

G7 D7 G7 F G7 C Fm.i. G7 (UKE TACET.)
 { t : - .1 | s : - | 1 : - | s : d : - | - : - | t : - | s :s :l de a }
 heart be old *mf* Say - ing, say ing

G G7 C G7
 { a :de'er :re'mi'f' | fe'se'se' :l' le'e't' | d : - | - :t :1 ,s | s : - | - :t :1 .s }
 Age from out the tomb Shall im-

E7 F A7 F D7
 { m : - | - :r :d ,t | 1 : - | - :1 :ta ,1 | f : - | - :m :l | r :1 }
 - mor - tal youth as sume *ff* And spring e - ter - - - nal

C D7 C G7 C
 ||m1 : - .d' : t > .d' : s : .d' | t : - .d' : d' : - | : : ||
 bloom where no heart, no heart is old.

TUNE UKE.

Key D.



Here's to the Maiden.

Allegretto.

D G D
 Key D. ||d : - .r : d | d' : - .t : d' | 1 : - .s : 1 | s : - : s : s | d : - .r : d | d' : - .t : d' | 1 : - : - s : - : ||
 1. Here's to the maid-en of

bashful fif-teen, Here's to the wi - dow of

2. Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize, Now to the maid who has

3. Here's to the maid with a bo-som of snow, Now to her that's as brown as a

fif - ty;

none, Sir;

ber - ry;

G D
 ||d : - .r : d | d' : - .t : d' | 1 : - .s : 1 | s : - : f | m : - .f : s | s : f : m | r : - : - l d : - : - ||
 Here's to the flaunting ex - tra - vagant queen, And here's to the house-wife that's

Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes, And here's to the nymph with but

Here's to the wife with a face full of woe, And here's to the dam-sel that's

thir - ty.

one, Sir.

mer - ry.

G A7 D A7 D
 ||m : - .f : s | s : - : - | s : - .f : m | r : - : d | m : - .f : s | s : - .1 : s | f : - .m : r | l d : - : - ||
 Let the toast pass, drink to the lass,- I war-rant she'll prove an ex - cuse for the glass,

G A7 D A7 D
 ||m : - .f : s | s : - : - | s : - .f : m | r : - : d | m : - .f : s | s : - .1 : s | f : - .m : r | l d : - : - ||
 Let the toast pass, drink to the lass,- I war-rant she'll prove an ex - cuse for the glass.



Auld Robin Gray.

Andante.

Key. D. | :d | m :- .f | s :- .1 | l :s | :s | 1 :- .f | d' :- .1 | l :s | - :d | }

I Young Jam - ie lo'ed me weel And sought me for his bride But

| :m :- .f | s :- .1 | l :s | f :m | r :d | f :- .m | m :- l | r :d | m :- .f | s :- .1 | }

say - ing a crown he had naething else be - side — To mak' the crown a

| l :s | :s | l :- .t | d' :- .m | s :f | :r .r | m :- | d' :- .m | f' :- .r | t :d | }

pound my Jam - ie went to sea And the crown and the pound were

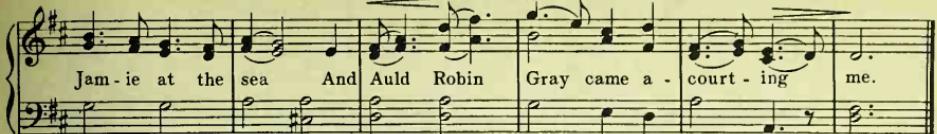
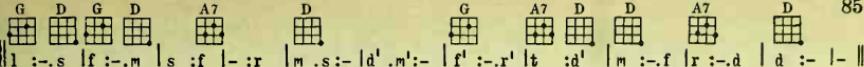
Key F. Lah is D.

| m :- .f | r :- .m | d :- .l | ma | d : | t, :- .d | d : | l, :- | d :- .r | m :- .m | f :- .r | m :- | t, :- .t, | }

baith for — me. He had na been gane a — week but on — ly twa When my

| d :- .t, | d : | de | r :- .de | r :re | m :- .m | l :re | rit. | m :- | m :d | s :- .1 | l :s | s :- .s | }

faither brak' his arm — and the cow was stown a-wa', My mither she fell sick and my



2. My father couldna work, my mither couldna spin,
 I toil'd day and night but their bread I couldna win
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith and wi' tears in his e'en
 Said, "Jenny for their sakes will ye no' marry me?"
 My heart it said na for I look'd for Jimmy back
 But the wind it blew high and the ship it was a wrack
 The ship it was a wrack why didna Jenny dee?
 Oh why do I live to say, O wae's me.

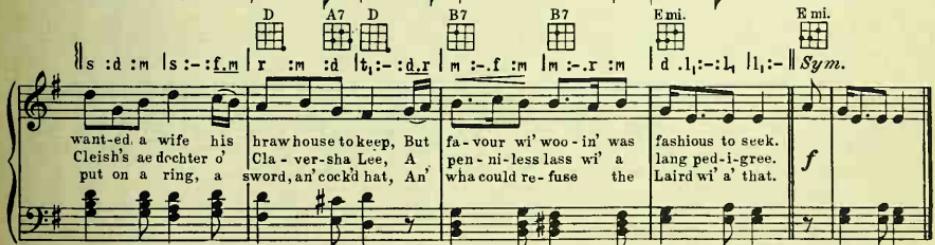
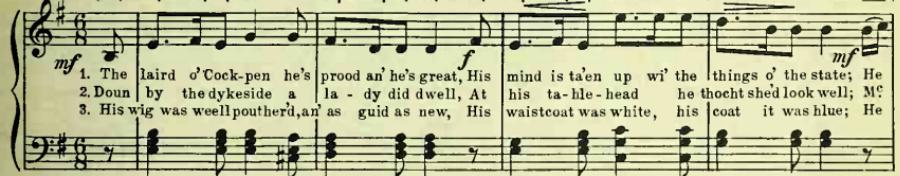
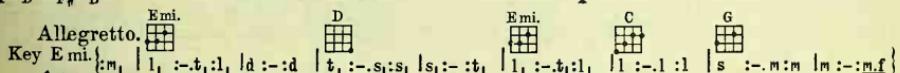
3. My father argued sair, my mither didna speak,
 But she look'd in my face, till my heart was like to break
 Sae I gied to Rob my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea,
 And Auld Robin Gray is guude man to me.
 I hadna been a wife, a week but only four
 When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door
 I saw my Jimmy's gaist, I couldna think it he,
 Till he said "I'm come hame, my love to marry thee."

4. Oh sair did we greet, and mickle did we say,
 We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away,
 I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee
 Oh why do I live to say, O wae's me.
 I ganly like a gaist, I care na to spin,
 I darna think o' Jimmy, for that wad be a sin,
 But I will do my best, a guid wife I to be,
 For Auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.

TUNE UKE. Key Emi.



The Laird o' Cockpen.



4. He took the grey mare, an' rode cannillie,
 An' rapp'd at the yett o' Claversha Lee;
 Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
 She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen.

5. Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flow' wine:
 "An' what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
 She put aff her apron an' on her silk gown,
 Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' down.

6. An' when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low;
 An' what was his errand he soon let her know;
 Amazed was the Laird when the lady said na;
 An' wi' a laigh curtsie she turn'd awa'.

7. Dumbfounder'd was he, but nae sigh did he gie,
 He mounted his mare, an', rade cannillie,
 An' after he thocht as he gaed thro' the glen,
 She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

8. An' noo that the Laird his exit had made
 Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
 Oh, for aye I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten,
 I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

9. Neist time that the Laird and the Lady were seen,
 They were gaun arm in arm to the Kirk on the green,
 Noo she sits in the ha' like a crouse tappit hen,
 But as yet there's nae chickens appear'd in Cockpen.



Buy a Broom.

Key G. { :d .m | s :- .l :s .f | m :d :d | r :s1 :s1 | m :d :d .m |

I. From Dutch - land I come with my light wares all la - den To

2. To brush a-way in - sects that some-times an - noy you, You'll

{ :s :- .l :s .f | m :d :d | r :s1 :s1 | d :- :d | r :s1 :s1 |

dear hap-py Eng-land in sum-mer's gay bloom Then lis - ten fair

find it quite hand-y to use right a - way, And what bet - ter

{ :m :d :d | r :s1 :s1 | m :d :d .m | s :- .l :s .f | m :d :d |

la - dy and young pret-ty maid-en Oh buy of the wan-d'ring Ba

ex - er - cise, pray can em - ploy you, Than to sweep all vex - a - tious in -

{ :r :s1 :s1 | d :- :- | r :- :r | m :- :- | r :- :r |

- var - ian a broom Buy a broom, buy a

- tru - ders a - way. Buy a broom, buy a

{ :m :- :d .m | s :- .l :s .f | m :d :d | r :s :s | d :- |

broom Oh buy of the wan-d'ring Ba - var - ian a broom.

See the Conquering Hero.

B_b E_b G CE_bB_b7

Key Eb. { s :- l m :- f | s :- l d :- | r . m : f . s | f :- m | r :- l :- }

See the con - qu'ring he - ro comes

E_bB_b7E_bB_b7E_b

sound the trum - pets beat the drums

spir - its pre - pare the laur - els bring

Songs of tri - umph Tri - umph to him sing

See the con - qu'ring he - ro comes

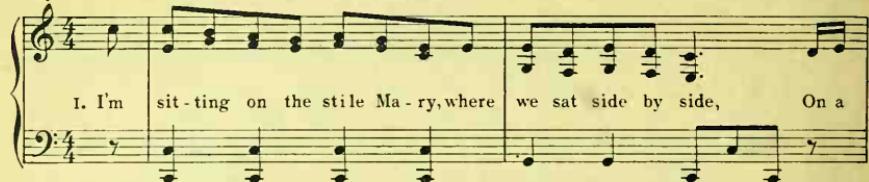
sound the trum - pets beat the drums.

The Irish Emigrant.

(I'm sitting on the stile, Mary.)

Andante.

Key C. { :d' | d' .t :1 .s | 1 .s :m .m | m .r :m .r | d : - .r ,m }

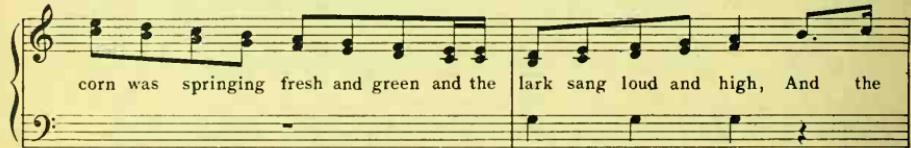


cresc.

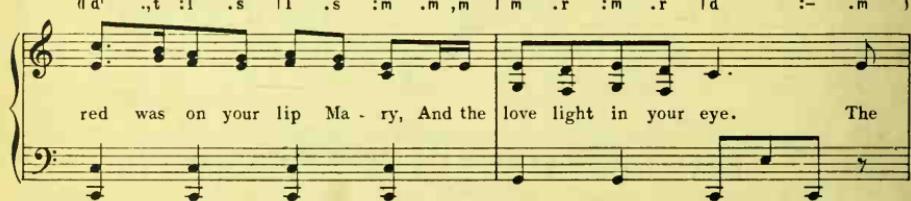
{ f .m :f .s | 1 .t :d' ,d' | t ,t :t .1 | s : - .s }



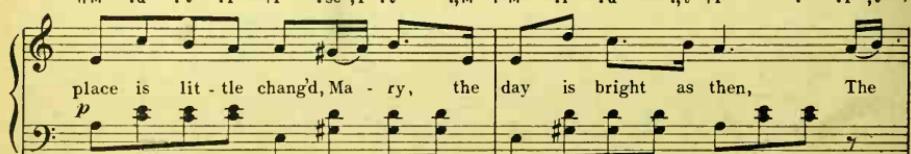
{ m' .r' :d' .t | 1 .s :f .m ,m | r .m :f .s | 1 :t ,d' }



{ d' ,t :1 .s | 1 .s :m .m ,m | m .r :m .r | d : - .m }



{ m .d' :t .1 | 1 .se ,1 :t ,m | m .r' :d' ,t | 1 : - .1 ,t }



rall.

a tempo.

lark's loud song is in my ear, and the corn is green a - gain But I

miss the soft clasp of your hand, and your breath warm on my cheek, And I

still keep listning to the words, you never more may speak, — You never more may speak.

2. I'm very lonely now Mary, for the poor make no new friends,
 But oh they love the better still, the few our Father sends,
 And you were all I had Mary, my blessing and my pride,
 There's nothing else to care for now, since my poor Mary died,
 I'm bidding you a long farewell, my Mary kind and true,
 But I'll not forget you darlin' in the land I'm going to,
 They say there's bread and work for all, and the sun shines always there,
 But I'll ne'er forget old Ireland, were it fifty times as fair,
 Were it fifty times as fair.

Rule, Britannia!

Andante grandioso.

Key B♭ :s, | d :d | d,r,m,f:s .d | r :r .m,f|m : .s, | d,r,d,r:m,f,m,f:s .r :m .r |

2. The nations not so blest as thee

Must in their turn to tyrants fall;

While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free,

The dread and envy of them all.

Rule Britannia! etc.,

3. Still more majestic shalt rise,

More dreadful from each foreign stroke:

As the loud blast, loud blast that tears the skies,

Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule Britannia! etc.,

4. Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;

All their attempts to bend thee down

Will but arouse, arouse thy generous flame

But work their woe, and thy renown.

Rule Britannia! etc.,

5. The Muses, still with freedom found,

Shall to thy happy court repair;

Blest Isle! with matchless, with matchless beauty crown'd,

And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule Britannia! etc.,

Auld Lang Syne.

Moderato.

Key G. { s, | d , d :d .m | r ..d :r .m | d ,d .- :m .s | 1 : .1 }

1. Should auld acqain-tance be forgot, and never brought to mind? Should

REFRAIN

{ s ..m :m .d | r ..d :r .m | d ..l, :l, .s, | d : - .1 }

auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, and days of Auld Lang Syne For

{ s ..m :m .d | r ..d :r .m | s ..m :m .s | 1 : - .1 }

auld lang syne my dear, For auld lang syne We'll

{ s ..m :m .d | r ..d :r .m | d ..l, :l, .s, | d : - .1 }

tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet for auld lang syne!

2.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine,
We've wander'd mony a weary foot;
Sin' auld lang syne. *Refrain.*

3.

We twa ha'e paidl'd in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd,
Sin' auld lang syne. *Refrain.*

4.

And here's a hand my trusty freen',
And gie's a hand o' thine,
We'll tak' a right gude willy waught,
For auld lang syne. *Refrain.*

5.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
As surely I'll be mine,
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne. *Refrain.*

God Save the Queen.

Maestoso.

Key G. ||d :d :r | t, :-d :r | m :m :f | m :-x :d | r :d :t, ||

1. God save our Gracious Queen; Long live our noble Queen! God save the

||d :- : | s :s :s | s :-f :m | f :f :f | f :-m :r ||

Queen Send her victorious, Happy and glorious,

||m :f .m :r .d | m :-f :s | l .s ,f :m :r | d :- : ||

Long to reign over us God save the Queen.

2.

O Lord, our God, arise
 Scatter her enemies
 And make them fall.
 Confound their politics,
 Frustrate their knavish tricks,
 On Thee our hopes we fix,
 God save us all.

3.

Thy choicest gifts in store
 On her be pleased to pour
 Long may she reign!
 May she defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause,
 To sing with heart and voice
 God save the Queen.

INTERNATIONAL SONG BOOK 76

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Auld Lang Syne

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Believe me, if all those endearing
young charms

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Bonnie Dundee

Bonnie Hoose o' Airlie, The

British Grenadiers

Camptown Races

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Drinking

Farmer's Boy

Genevieve

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Hearts of Oak

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Killarney

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On the Banks of Allan Water

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Poor Old Joe

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Star-Spangled Banner
(American Anthem)

There's a Tavern in the Town
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Vacant Chair
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Watch on the Rhine
When Johnnie comes Marching
Home
When other Lips
Will ye no come back again?
Won't you buy my Pretty Flowers?

Yankee Doodle
Ye Banks and Braes

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55 BEAUTIES OF SACRED SONG

CONTENTS

Abide with me.
Angels ever bright and fair.
As pants the hart.
Adeste Fideles.
All through the night.
All people that on earth.
All praise to Thee.
But the Lord is mindful.
Best friend to have is Jesus.
Cast thy burden.
Comfort ye my people.
Consider the lilles.
Count your blessings.
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First Nowell.
Gospel train.
God that madest Earth and Heaven.
God be with you till we meet aganl.
Glorious things of Thee are spoken.
Glory to Thee my God.
Good King Wenceslaus.
Guardian Angel.
Hark the glad sound.
Hallelujah, Jesus saves.
Hem of His garment.
Hear my prayer.
Heavens are telling.
He shall feed His flock.
He was despised.
He wipes the tear.
How beautiful upon the mountains.
If with all your heart.
I know that my Redeemer.
I will arise.
Incline thine ear.

It came upon the midnight clear.
Jesus, the very thought of Thee.
Jesus, lover of my soul.
Journey of Life.
Lord, a little band and lowly.
Lord's my Shepherd, The
Nazareth.
Nobody knows de trouble I see.
Old rugged cross, The.
O come, all ye faithful.
O for the wings of a dove.
O rest in the Lord.
Our blest Redeemer.
Our God, our help.
O God of Bethel.
Only tired.
Rocked in the cradle.
Rock of Ages.
Silent Night.
Shining for Jesus.
Sun of my soul.
Steal away to Jesus.
Sweet spirit, hear my prayer.
Tell it out.
When the mists have rolled away.
When the roll is called up yonder.
When I survey the wondrous Cross.
While humble shepherds watched their flocks.
With verdure clad.
We'll talk it o'er together.

AND CHRISTMAS CAROLS



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